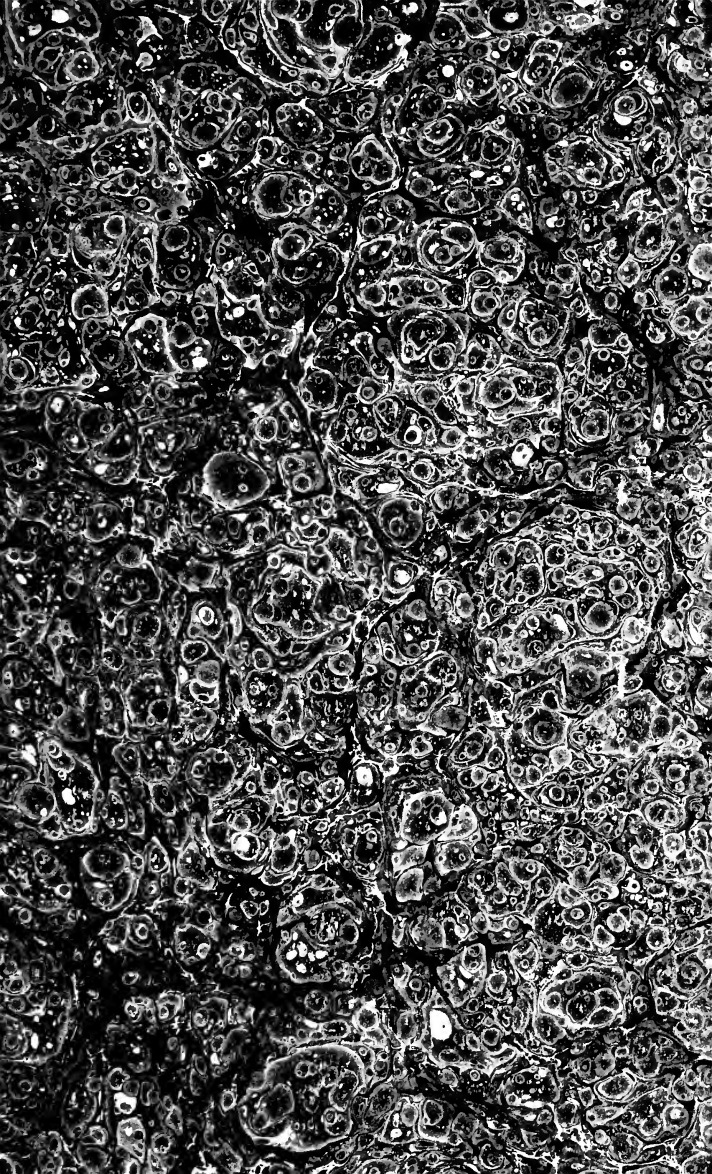


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ISN'T IT ODD?

ISN'T IT ODD?

BY MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

“—— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?”—HORACE.

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ISN'T IT ODD?



CHAPTER I.

IN the morning I was awakened by as pretty a concert of *sharps in alt* as you ever heard, executed by a flock of sparrows, who were either making love, or calling one another names; which, it was impossible for me to distinguish; and, upon my starting up in bed, a bright sun, darting in at my window discovered to me, through the white drapery the shadow of what, when I drew

the curtain, I found to be honeysuckles which luxuriantly curled round the diamond-paned casement; *that* I soon opened, and was greeted with one of the loveliest prospects I ever saw.

“Heavens! (said, I in my description of London,) what do people lose by lying in bed on a summer’s morning?—yet, I forgot—about London, from our chamber windows, we see nothing but the old wall of a house behind us; or the uniform, formal, and starched appearance of a row, or street, of houses before us—all the *green* to be seen being green rails, or green shutters—or the *yellow*-stained foliage of two or three sickly geraniums, in pots, on the ledge of the window; with a pale-looking monthly rose tree; or an aloe, three inches by two and a half, in a pot not much bigger—an aloe! a Patagonian flower; a vegetable may-pole; which is said to blow only once in a century—or, perhaps, *opposite*, three or four tall, taper, dusty

poplars; deigning us a stiff bow now and then, when the breeze works; merely to convince us they are not artificial; while they serve to screen the house from the little portion of sweet air which *does* find its way into a narrow street; and thus render free and wholesome inspiration, and respiration, the more difficult—or there may be a *small* attempt at a garden; like a specimen from Flora's pattern card; just big enough to make one wish for more, but too small for either show or use. Yet are the beauties of the country often lost upon those who are born and die among them—isn't it odd?—no—variety seems to be the desideratum of life; and *toujours perdrix* pleases nobody, and no where.

When I went down stairs, I stepped into a small flower-garden behind the cottage, where Kathleen was busied in contriving to shelter some beautiful hyacinths from the withering heat of a

powerful sun. The circumstance brought to my recollection the death of Hyacinthus by the hand of Apollo, as related by Ovid; and I found Kathleen knew the story; for upon asking her if she knew who Hyacinthus was, she replied, the beautiful boy whom Apollo killed by carelessly throwing a quoit.

“That is the fabulous account,” said I,—“Solve the riddle then,” said she,—I did—

Thro’ a *quoit* thrown by *Phæbus*, (says Ovid,) ill done!

Hyacinthus was robb’d of his breath:

The fact is, while playing too long in the *sun*,

A *coup de soleil* was his death.

A *coup d’œil*, (for she gave me such a fascinating look,) might have been my death, if a bed of violets and primroses had not caught my eye—isn’t it odd?—Did I begin, *probably*, you may ask, to contemplate a *something*, in case Violetta married Sir Lionel?—I admire your sagacity, but can only answer, that I con-

templated nothing *future*—I contemplated Kathleen; I contemplated the violet and primrose bank. Had I never known Violetta, Kathleen had been irresistible; but I did know Violetta, and Kathleen was ——, certainly *one* of the loveliest girls I ever saw—I loved Violetta, I admired Kathleen, and—your supposed question shall only be answered by the sequel of my history. “Anticipation,” said O’Rourke one day, “is taking time by the nose instead of the forelock;”—and what can be so ill-mannered?

“Love (said I, in my description of London,) is here a *polytheism*—the *Ancients* (as Fubbs would say,) had but *one* God of Love: *we* have *many*: but all called *Cupids*—and all equally blind. Love at court is identified with *ceremony*, here; in the country excited by *matrimony*: and love in the city, by any *other* money. But to describe all the varieties of love would be tiresome, and unacceptable; as nobody cares

twopence for any kind of love save that in which he or she is engaged. Love is a troublesome little fellow—I wish he would recollect the advice his mother gave him ; according to Anacreon,

Love pluck'd a rose,
While a bee on it hung ;
The theft to expose,
The bee Cupid stung :
Love ran off to Venus, and piteous his cry,
“ O save me, I'm wounded, dear mother, I die.”

Plucking a flower,
A thing call'd a bee,
A serpent in power,
Was hid in the tree,
My finger he stung ; in such anguish am I,
O, save me, “ I'm fainting, dear mother, I die.”

Venus, with smiles,
Heard Cupid complain :
Replying, “ Your wiles
Are repaid by your pain.
How many you sting, when your darts you let fly.”
Still Cupid kept crying—“ Dear mother, I die.”

“ If such a small sting,”
Said she, “ give such smart,
What anguish must spring
From a wound in the heart!

Then, let the bee’s warning a lesson supply,
And think, ere you shoot, of “ *Dear mother, I die.*”

Cupid, like most young people to whom you give advice, listened to his mother’s—and troubled his head no farther; but shot away, as cockney sportsmen do; more solicitous about the sport than the nature of the game,—from that day to this: or, at least, we say so.

We were all seated at a breakfast *à la fourchette*, as the French say—which is, after all, a proper English breakfast; not for the *refined*, I grant—but is all *refinement* we call so? is not some part of it rather *attenuation*?—a coarse cloth gets *attenuated* by long wear: but *thinness* is not *fineness*.

We were seated at breakfast; and O’Rourke planned a day’s pleasure for us: yet—I don’t know why—I was

uneasy throughout that day; the way in which we spent it I *cannot* at this moment detail—it would not be taking time by the *forelock*: and, as the gig is now at the door (being the second day at noon,) to take us to town, and O'Rourke bawling for me with all his might—though I am only bidding Kathleen good-bye—I can't be rude enough to keep him waiting—we're in London.

CHAP. II.



I LEARNED that Tunzey had received a letter from an unknown hand relative to his daughter: and it came out that, from the same unknown hand, he had received one on the same subject some time previous—" *The contents?*"—How eager you are!—"People here, (wrote I, in my description of London,) are always in a hurry; maugre the old common-place proverb—" *Most haste, &c.*"—the fact is, Tunzey did not let me know the contents of the letter; and it was only through a slip of Mrs. T.'s tongue that I discovered he had received any; indeed, Tunzey, in regard

to his daughter, began to observe a total silence : and it was impossible to tell from his manner, what passed in his mind about her. Mrs. T. *did*, sometimes, speak of her : but a look from him, when he heard her soon checked her : and when he *did not* hear her she soon stopped of her own accord. I called on Fubbs — “ Well,” said I, “ did you draw *Welford out* ? — “ Not *exactly*,” replied he, laughing — “ there’s a secret somehow, and somewhere ; but as to the how and where, why it’s neither here nor there : I can’t discover it any where ; but he has had another letter from his Father — Sir Lionel has put up for member of the county.”

“ O — h ! ” said I. “ Valentine,” continued he, “ advocates him with all his power : and your father is as strenuous on the part of the rival candidate : so that the coolness which existed between your two fathers before, is now a downright frost.” “ Unlucky ! ” said I, “ and Vio-

letta—" Wears," said he, " Sir Lionel's *colour* at her breast."—" *O—o—oh!*" exclaimed I—it was more of a groan than a sigh; you won't think that *odd*. Welford came in—" Ah, Bob," said I, " you have had a letter from your father?"—" Yes," said he, " I *have* indeed!"—" Is your doom fixed then?" inquired I—" No one," replied he, " shall fix that but myself—yet—it *is* fixed," and he sat down *very* disconsolately—then, assuming a smile, said, " Never mind; all's for the best." " Women are perplexing creatures," said Fubbs; " Helen fired Troy, and"——" Mrs. Wiggins has burnt the goose to a cinder, Sir," said a school-boy who came in—" Who's Mrs. Wiggins?" Fubb's old housekeeper, who was out, gossiping, when Fubbs sent the aforesaid boy to see how the goose-roasting went on; for he was a gormandizer of geese.—" The —— she has?" said Fubbs. Now, people who set their hearts upon their appetites,

will be surprised into naughty words; Fubbs ran into the kitchen, and Welford and I walked away; leaving Fubbs and Mrs. Wiggins to settle about the goose as well as they could. On our way our respective affairs employed our conversation; he confirmed all Fubbs had said about Violetta; and observed that he was extremely puzzled about her conduct; but still he thought I ought not to despair; there were mysteries about *women*, he said, *which time alone could explain*; and which, (from the general purity of the sex, whatever might be inferred from partial instances to the contrary,) were generally explained more satisfactorily than appearances promised." " *There's mystery about you*, (thinks I,) *time will shew that, too*,"—we were obliged to part. I pursued my way to O'Rourke's alone—and having mentioned O'Rourke, and the mention of him making my *suspensions* at the cottage recur to my mind, I cannot choose

a better opportunity to explain them to my reader; and how I discovered they were true.

I knew O'Rourke had an ample heart: and (perhaps it was because he never had the gout,) there was nothing like contraction about his *fingers*: then his purse *strings* were never *drawn*; perhaps, because he carried a steel purse which fastened with a *snap*—but the snap—from being often called into action, I suppose—was not *very* secure; and would sometimes come *unlocked* in his pocket; particularly when the sight of distress acted like an electrical shock upon him; which it *sometimes* did; for, as I have told you, he was a singular man—in such a case, the shock shaking every thing in his pockets, then would the lock of his purse forego the little tenacity it possessed; and his hand—from the shock, *observe*—involuntarily entering his pocket, the money which was shook out of the purse popped as

naturally into his hand, as into any other place; and as he never kept his hands long in his pocket, (like some others, of whom I have remarked,) out again it soon came; and the golden prisoners in it, as prisoners do when they can, escaped—isn't it odd? *Where* they escaped to must be conjectured; for he was so ashamed of the little guard he kept upon them, that he preserved the very circumstance even of their escape to himself; so it was not at all likely that any body else should arrive at a knowledge of their retreat. From this knowledge of O'Rourke, when I observed mystery about the cottage, a place I had never before heard of—heard the name of O'Shaughnessy: saw the *library*, and such other things as I hinted at,—many—all the gifts of O'Rourke; saw the attention paid him; the *look of benignity* I mentioned; recalled the—all about Thady O'Shaughnessy—and—*et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*—I began

shrewdly to suspect that Terence, and his wife, and their lovely daughter, were actually the objects of O'Rourke's bounty; and the *memorabilia* of his gratitude—I learnt that all this *was* the case, from Kathleen—now our conversation's out—isn't it odd?—Listen—

O'Rourke, soon after he had, in his own phrase, “*carried his pigs to a good market,*” by accident discovered Terence, and his wife, and a chubby girl, in a cabin, in the North of Ireland, as little incumbered with furniture as food. He, being very thirsty, and no house near, but this said cabin by the road-side, stopped his horse and asked for a drink of butter-milk; of which he was very fond—they had nothing but water; which the mistress of the cabin brought him in an instant, with—“*Fait, your honour, I wish it was wine for your sake; but, by rason that Terence had no work these three weeks, we are out of butter-milk, excepting a drop, which*

your honour would not let us take from the child Katty, the comfort there, by *reason* of her *tinder* age; which would be wanting support." O'Rourke, first drank the water and then asked to rest himself; and, without waiting for an answer, or listening to it while given, he alighted: tied his horse to a tree stump, and walked into the cabin; looked round with a sigh: and sat down with——little Katty on his lap—for Katty fell in *love at first sight* with him: and at *second sight* with the *tinpenny token* he slipped into her hand. "And so, (said he) Terence,—and that's your husband, I suppose—has been out of work three weeks?" "You may say that, your honour, (said she,) he has no *asey* time of it, any way: and sure he's my husband, as Father Troy and every body else knows who married us together; but never did I see such times since I became the wife of Terence O'Shaughnessy." "Fait, and he must

get into work then, any way," said O'Rourke (*starting at the name*). "Any way, or any other way," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, "is the very way we're bothered to find out—and how will he get into it?" "May be we'll find that out," said O'Rourke, "for the name of O'Shaughnessy sounds musically to my ears." "May be you knew somebody of the name (said she) who comes across your mind *wid* the sweets of remembrance?" "May be, I did," said he—in short, Terence coming in, he discovered that he was a first cousin of Thady's, who had "seen better days," and had been reduced by misfortune to the lowest ebb of distress; found also, by inquiry, that he was honest as he was poor, and as grateful as he was honest; so, in gratitude to Thady, he found out the way to put him in work: and——comfort—and when he came to England, brought Terence, Judy, and Kathleen, with him; Terence was em-

ployed by him in the wine trade: and when O'Rourke became a bankrupt, Terence stuck to him as a grateful Irishman—or any man—does, “*back and edge, like a bur,*”—as O'Rourke said—there was no shaking him off. O'Rourke was once *ill*—seriously so—Terence was always at his bed-side; gave him his medicine; and always tasted it first to know if it was right;—“I'll die; Terence,” one day, said O'Rourke,—“Sarrah the dead man was ever like you, sir,” said Terence. “The doctor,” said O'Rourke, “don't like me.”—“And sarrah the bit of *him* I like,” said Terence, “he may know very well about doctoring, but curing a man's another thing—Judy's got a *resate* for a fever: by *reason* that ould O'Gallaghan, the '*poticary*' at Munster, gave it her; there was never a sick *crater* that took it, kill or cure, but it carried 'em thro'; O'Gallaghan was no friend to physic; nor physic to him: for he starved by it in Munster; and

never took any till his last illness, which saved him the trouble of taking any more; for they tucked him in under the *ground* floor; where there was'nt one of his patients lying to reproach him: and pleasant will his *getting up* be—but I'll run to Judy directly, and be back in a jiffy—och! it's a delight! it cured poor Judy after three doctors had kilt her over and over again, any way;”—and off he went: returning in about half an hour with a blue mug, smoking, from its contents; and filling a rummer, begged O'Rourke to drink it off.—O'Rourke hadn't much inclination to talk, little power to remonstrate, and less strength to resist: and whether he thought one *stuff* was as good as another; or thought nothing could save him; or didn't like to hurt the poor fellow's anxious feelings; or, whether Terence poured it down his throat by force, or by stratagem, O'Rourke scarcely knew which, but down it went; all O'Rourke

recollected was a sensation like sudden drunkenness: he was soon overpowered by sleep; and waked, after reposing sixteen hours,—

“Dissolved into a dew”—

and when the doctor came, expecting to find him *off his books*, he found to his utter surprise, that he had *turned over a new leaf*: and was settling with Terence whether he should have a *chop* or a *chicken* for dinner.—isn't it odd? “A chop or a chicken?” said the doctor,—“are you mad?”—“Only a little frisky,” said Terence, “by *rason* of O’Gallaghan’s broth; a comfortable taste of which I gave him, saving your presence, without *axing*; because there was no more time for *trifling*.” The doctor looked offended; looked at the remains of the dose; seemed ignorant of its nature; shook his head; felt the patient’s pulse; looked at his tongue; and then—like an honest man, frankly declared that the potion, whatever it was, had ef-

fecting what he had not been enabled to do; though "*certainly* (he said) the last medicine he had sent had assisted." But unfortunately for the truth of his assertion, Terence had, to use his own words, "walked it out of the window," when he determined upon persuading O'Rourke to take O'Gallaghan's^e broth. The doctor ordered O'Rourke to do every thing to promote the sudorific effect the potion had produced; forbade him any thing but slops, till he saw him again: and departed.

Now, as nothing is more gloomy than a sick room, we'll get out of it as fast as we can—O'Rourke recovered. Some time before he married Miss Skein, he bought the cottage *we* have visited, and possessing other property near the spot, he settled Terence in the cottage, as overseer of his tenements; and cultivator of his *grounds*, &c. &c. And having taken a great fancy to Kathleen, from some reason or other, he gave her a

good education, meaning, as he had no children, to make her his heiress; and if he married, and had issue, to leave her a fair proportion with his own. Her time was divided between her parents, and a *Mrs. James*; an elderly lady who had kept the boarding-school, where Kathleen *had been placed*; but who had retired; and, from affection for her, had entreated Kathleen, with O'Rourke's leave, to become her companion; promising O'Rourke she should not lose by it; and, when I was at the cottage, it was one of the seasons of Kathleen's visit to Terence and Judy; who were as comfortably off as any two reasonable beings could wish.

CHAP. III.



I AM at my father's: his express desire, my own vehement inclination, and Tunzey's hearty compliance, occasioned my leaving London, and flying to the arms of my dear, dear, parents ; who were overjoyed to see me ; and astonished at my having grown so much above the notch made on the door-frame in the parlour, before I left them ; forgetting to take into their account the time which had passed over my head ; and that—" *Ill weeds grow apace*:"—isn't it odd ? Now for a budget of news.—It was soon buzzed about that I had arrived ; old Welford

was at my father's within two hours after my arrival: shook my hand—almost off—and whispered in my ear that, “Violetta was at home: just returned from an excursion of pleasure with her father”—and *Sir Lionel*? thought I, who, I knew by the London papers, had lost his election. I dared not say a word about it, lest it should bring on the subject of the duel: and, to my astonishment, my father did not once advert to that; nor to any thing that could at all tend to make the Valentines the subject of conversation—wasn't it odd? He, my mother, and old Welford, all inquired in a most friendly manner, after Fubbs; and were much gratified at learning his comfortable situation: old Welford invited me to his house, and told me that I should see Bob's wife, that *was* to be. The first night on which you arrive after a long journey, at your native scenes, after some years' absence, is so devoted to

congratulation upon congratulation; question upon question; attention upon attention; and solicitation upon solicitation; that, (tired with your journey, and the sound of the coach-wheels still in your ears, assisting to add to the confusion occasioned in your pericranium) through the whirl of welcome, and the rapidity of reply, it proves delightfully tiresome—a dozen talking to you at once; and you having to talk to a dozen at a time, generally makes you anxious for bed: where I was glad to go as early as I could; to be left to my own meditations—I forgot to say Nurse Sheepshanks—none of the neighbours being in possession of O’Gallaghan’s broth—was—dead and buried.

Peace to her manes! He who can think of his good old nurse with indifference, may be polished, but is not quite civilized—or humanized, if you will. She is a kind of second mother:

and where her care is devoted to you, *not* under the roof of your parents, she is often, if not generally, the best mother of the two.

“ In London, (said I, in my description,) mothers put their children out to nurse, to prevent *trouble*—preserve their *shapes*—and participate more largely in *pleasure* : isn't it odd ? What are the consequences ?—The child, with other milk, imbibes other affections : and though nature be strong, custom is *second* nature ; and is a powerful creator of attachment. Is the preservation of *form* worthy the sacrifice of *tenderness* ? or can any pleasure equal, perhaps the sweetest satisfaction in nature, watching the opening of the infant mind, and directing the progress of its affections ? adding to the honour of giving it birth, the felicity of giving it bias ; and nurturing in it that affection to which the mother must look for comfort, when life itself is a trouble to her ; when her shape is withered by

time, and her zest for pleasure is satiated. However, thanks to natural affection, the mothers who thus act are comparatively *few*; fashion has not yet obtained its apparent *acme*—destroying the most sacred ties of human obligation.”

I was delighted at being shewn to the *best* bed-room: not because it *was* the best;—*any* chamber in my dear father and mother’s house was the *best* to me;—*but*, because the windows fronted the window of that in which I knew Violetta slept—or rather, used to sleep.—I might see Violetta—“*Certainly not; the curtain would be closed.*”—You are very tantalizing, Miss Everbloom: but it was a muslin curtain; and as she would, at any rate, not go to bed in the dark, I might see her shadow through it; which—heigho!—thought I, may be all of her left to me. But I had assured myself, from old Welford, that she was not married,

while every body wondered at it; wasn't it odd? I am now sitting at my window, watching—"For what?"—Don't tease me. The window curtain in her room *is* closed—I see a faint glimmer through the muslin—ha! there's a candle—and—a shadow—yet it seems larger than Violetta's.—Nonsense! shadows enlarge uncommonly. Pray, Miss, did you never see the shadow of your own nose on the wall, when you sat between that and the candle?—some how *so*—



and, though it looked so preposterous, and yours is so exquisitely formed, still you never for an instant doubted but that it was actually the shadow of your own nose. Then might I not rationally suppose it was Violetta's shadow? though big enough for that of her fat aunt, Mrs. Wagstaff.—But the shadow grew less—“*Grew less!* how can a thing *grow less?*”—“Look in Dr. Johnson; for do you suppose with that delightful shadow before me, I can stop to answer questions?—no—be quiet—that's a woman's shadow I swear; there's the form of her head-dress; and it's impossible to mistake a man's nightcap, which is always *conical*, for a woman's.—*Looking at the shadow* I sat, a full half hour; and should have sat all night, but that the shadow vanished, with the extinguishing of the light, in so short a space as a brief half-hour! during which, I gazed and sighed—and gazed—and said, “O!

Violetta! how does that outline of thy lovely form agitate my soul!" I never discovered the real beauty of the black profiles exhibited in the shop-windows in London, till then: once her profile turned, and I saw—" *her lovely nose?*"—No, the shadow of it: and—nothing could be so long, but the sigh I then heaved, because I could not see the substance of the shadow of all that I thought celestial on earth—" *Kathleen?*"—I never thought of her an instant—" *nor dreamt of her?*"—no; my dreams were full of Violets and Valentines: to be sure, Sir Lionel packed his impertinent *nose* among them—but it was no reality—a "dreamy shadow." An hour *after* the shadow disappeared, I sat gazing on the window: till at last I had courage enough to go *despondingly* to bed. I sprang out of bed the moment I 'woke in the morning, and placed myself at the window again, with the hope, when

she rose, and had dressed herself, to see the envious muslin cloud that hid my heart's hope from my gaze, withdrawn; and that her lovely face, like the first heavenly beaming of morning would break upon my enraptured sight—heigho!

Imagine me sitting at the window two hours and a half before I saw the curtain agitated—when you agitate a muslin curtain it shakes all together sensitively, as it were, through the fineness of its texture; not moving like a thick Harrateen curtain, like woven wood:—suppose me the muslin curtain, and then suppose how I was agitated all over when *it* was agitated—that *dear hand!* thought I—the curtain *was* drawn—how my heart beat!—“*She approaches,*” cried I, *diddering*, as nurse used to say; which is not shivering, but *quivering*, like some singer's *shake*:—it was drawn; but I saw not who drew

it. I shall see her, said I: my frame thrilled—I saw!—I saw!—“*What?*”—As I live, the *red* nose and *conical night-cap* of OLD VALENTINE!!!—isn't it odd? Horrification! paralysation! petrification! the visage of a gorgon would have been as grateful to my sight. He saw me, and dropped the curtain instantly: I was a gorgon to him. I determined to endeavour to repair my misfortune, by going round the house to try if I could not catch a glimpse of Violetta at one of the back windows.

“What's that which goes round the house, and round the house, and peeps in at the window?” Little Miss Patty, just look into your riddle-book, and see if I am right. “O,” says Miss Patty, “I know what that is—the *sun*.” Reader, I was the *sun*; for what the sun does that did I—I peeped; ay, and—*paid for peeping, too*: for seeing a window open, I drew near, as secretly

and as cautiously as I could, that I might not be surprised: when at the instant I approached the *outside* of the window, somebody approached the *inside*; and I was greeted with the discharge of a large bowl of sour whey, accompanied by no small quantum of curd, full in my face. I saw nothing; but heard the hoarse voice of Mrs. Wagstaff, Valentine's sister, and *chargé des affaires*, begging my pardon, and protesting she did not see me—I heard Violetta's voice, too.

When music, heavenly maid, was young,

She must have had just such a voice as Violetta. To hear her, and not stay to see her was—*distraction*!—(the regular phrase of all lovers)—but could I stay? would you have staid, to let your *dear* witness your dishonour?—My eyes were like dead stars drowned in the *milky whey*:—my mouth was as full as

my heart—I never could bear curds and whey since—my previously prettily-arranged *frill*, drooped, pensively,

Impearl'd with the dew.

and—in short, the whole front of me was one mass of curds and whey.—I saw not Violetta—but—she saw me—and—burst into a loud laugh.—Rage! madness!! distraction!!! I staid to hear no more: and just as I had *cleared* my vision, it was greeted with a second sight of the *gorgon*—who was—whether he had seen and suspected me, or not, I can't tell—*going round the house*, too.—He was the *sun*: and went round fearlessly; I was *Phaeton*, and was punished for my rashness: It was fortunate *he* didn't laugh; he wasn't his daughter: and it would have been dangerous.—“ Your people, sir,” said I, “ are very unceremonious.”—“ I should be sorry, sir,” said he (struggling with all his might to stifle a laugh) “ that any of my people should have been

so to *young* Mr. Merrywhistle.”—Mrs. Wagstaff was out now: and protested she was ignorant of my being at the window.—“ At the window?” said Valentine ; “ I am sorry for the circumstance, sir; but good seldom comes of *prying*.”—“ You must prove I was prying, sir,” said I. “ before you take the liberty of charging me with it.” For if the whey *cooled my courage*, it inflamed my blood—as cold water, drank when you are hot, cools you but to throw you into a fever. Valentine only answered by abusing Mrs. Wagstaff for her deficiency of care. “ Many people here (said I, in my description, &c.), when they are angry with those who are out of their power, avenge themselves upon those who are in it.” I knew, however, I had brought the mischief upon myself. I was conscious I *had* pryed: was in the humour to have knocked anybody down who crossed me: but it was not quite *comme il faut* to knock down Violetta’s father;

so, with an *inclination*, too slight for a bow, I passed on: slid into my father's house, up into my chamber, changed *myself* as quickly as I could; went instinctively to the window: and saw Violetta at the *very* window which she *broke* when she saw me falling out of mine: and though she turned her head, as if she did not mean to look at me, she stood as if she meant I *should* look at her—and—she threw up the sash, and put out—a small pot of primroses—shut down the sash and vanished without appearing conscious that I was in being, much less at the opposite window—Isn't it odd?—"Had you thrown up the sash?"—No—I had not satisfied myself that her laugh was not that of scorn, till the primroses were put out: and then—it was too late—she was gone.

At breakfast I was teased with inquiries: I say teased, because every thing teased me that did not relate to Violetta;—I excused myself by saying I

had not got over my *last night's* fatigue: and that I would be more communicative at dinner. The curd and whey joke got wind among Valentine's servants: Valentine's servants told other servants: they others, and so on: and of course from the kitchens it got into the parlours; and before dinner it was half over the place. "You have been insulted by that *Valentine*," said my father. "An accident," replied I: and I related the circumstance—"exactly as it was?"—not exactly—"a *white fib*?"—No; I acknowledged going towards the window, but did not say *why*. My father might suppose I peeped in to catch a glimpse of a fine mirror, which hung there—or at Valentine's portrait in a gorgeous frame—"or *Violetta's*, which hung beside it?—Isn't it odd?" Don't cross question; it is the fundamental point of the British law, that no man is to convict himself. His *ludship* has overruled the question. "What do you suppose your father thought?"—My father had

been in love himself—will that satisfy you?—" *But he called it nonsense.*"—White fib; white fib.—I wandered into the fields, having escaped from my father, because I saw his anger was rising: and I wished him to cool upon it.—I approached the *old* stile, over which I fell into the ditch: for that was the stile that led into the *bull* field.—Every thing alters—the *old* stile was a *new* stile, and the ditch was dried up. I sat on the stile—the primrose bank was in the prospective—indeed—very near the foreground. I could observe it, through a bush which hid any one sitting upon the stile from the observation of any one who *might* be sitting on the primrose-bank.—"Who was sitting there?" Nobody—but soon came a female, and—"sat there?"—No—went another way—it was—" *Violetta?*" No—Mrs. Wagstaff. At length—was it accident? was it design? came—*Violetta*. She stopped, and gazed on the bank—I stepped

from the stile—she looked forward, as if her thoughts recurred to the bull—saw me—I stepped forward—she vanished round the hedge, which parted, and left a communication between the two fields. “*She must mean me to approach,*” thought I; “*this is love’s decoy.*”—I ran, or rather flew, turned the corner bush, and came in full contact with—Mrs. Wagstaff! I looked as sour as the whey tasted: “Dear me, Mr. Marmaduke,” said she, “you almost knocked me down.”—“I beg pardon,” said I, “I didn’t see you.”—“Now then,” says she, “you may believe I didn’t see you this morning”—and pointing with her cane to a clump of bushes—and winking significantly—she passed me through the opening, whispering as she passed.—“I know she’ll scold me.”—I was surprised and delighted—I actually kissed her hand—and went, with a trembling heart towards the bushes; I was fearful even of my footsteps sounding on the

unechoing grass.—I scarcely dared breathe—Violetta was unconscious of my being so near, and peeped out of her concealment. Our eyes met—I saw her turn pale in an instant—she staggered: I flew forward—she lay fainting in my arms.—“*Sir Lionel HAS lost his election, thought you?*”—No—I thought—nothing. I felt I wanted support myself—when—I pressed her lips for the *first* time.—She recovered—Mrs. Wagstaff was with us at the instant.—“Here’s my brother,” said she, “he has not seen us—you must part.”—We only looked—I forced my way through a hedge: brambles were straws opposed to my arms: but my head came in contact with the stump of a pollard oak in the next field, concealed by the hedge: I was stunned by the blow; and for a moment forgot where I was: but upon recovering, found myself lying in a quagmire, and my father looking at me.

“ I’m born to be unfortunate,” said I, in the inconsiderateness of vexation—
“ I’m born to be unfortunate.”—“ To be a fool, you mean,” said my father. It was polite : but as *Sim* says, in *Wild Oats*, “ Musn’t *lather*, feyther.”—
“ Why, your face is all over scratches,” said he.—“ And my heart too,” thought I.—“ What possessed you to force your way through the hedge?” said he.—“ A whim,” said I.—“ Pish !” said he ; and looking through the hedge, he caught a glimpse of Valentine, Violetta, and Mrs. Wagstaff.—“ Pray,” said he, “ have you been speaking to Violetta?”—“ No,” said I—I had not.—“ I should hope,” continued he, “ her being perpetually in company with your avowed rival, her father’s acknowledged choice, and, apparently her own, would prevent such a folly. You look impatient : but Violetta has played the coquette too much in public with Sir Lionel to have any regard for you ; and you cannot stoop,

I should imagine, to rank *second* in her train to the man you called out on her account as an *equal*." I made no answer; I could not—"I would have said *amen*, but *amen* stuck in my throat." And why would I have said *amen*? Because, I began to think if she had a regard for me, she had sullied it by a public denial of it—and yet—what had just passed reconciled every thing—yet, perhaps it was—I could'n't tell what. "People," (wrote I in my Description of London,) "run their heads against posts: and then wonder how they came broken."

I appeared in this interview with Violetta to have run my head against a post, and I wondered what was the matter with it—it ached so—I was so giddy. I had no business, after hearing about her dancing and jigging with my rival, and wearing his colours—and laughing at the figure *I* cut when I was "a whey-faced loon,"—to think of her;

yet—the primrose-pot at the window—her gazing on the primrose-bank—hiding herself from me, and fainting in my arms: were they not apologies? “I will,” said I, “see her, put the question, make her explain, and know my fate.”—But I *said it to myself*.

CHAP. IV.

I WENT to old Welford's: and was introduced to Mrs. *Bob* that *was* to be; so Welford always named her—she certainly might be very eligible to marry, being rich; but not to fall in love with, as *I* thought—but, as love and marriage are not invariably connected, that might be of no consequence: at least the old man thought so.

“ In London,” (wrote I, in my description,) “ and elsewhere, they say ‘ marry first, and love afterwards.’—This is Marriage drawing a bill for Time upon Love: who accepts, and nineteen times in twenty dishonours it: and poor Matri-

mony is left in the lurch; or, *afterwards*, being an indefinite date, he never acknowledges the bill due, and refuses payment till it is: and either way the drawer is disappointed.”—There is a stupid story of a man who gave an ignorant person a bill, and made it due, not on a specified day of any month, but on a named *saint's* day not in the calendar: the holder having the cheat pointed out to him, went to a lawyer for advice, who counselled him to present it on ALL SAINTS' DAY: “*but how does this apply to the subject in question?*” Love afterwards is *All Saints' Day*, which is seldom *sanc-tified* but in the calendar.

Old Welford, having projected a *fête*, had asked all his neighbours: and particularly my *father and Valentine*, hoping to effect a reconciliation.—Both were there—and *both* their families: that is, father and mother and I, on *our* part; father and daughter and Mrs. Wagstaff, on *their* part.—I was afraid I should

dance no dance but *St. Vitus's* that night. To the astonishment of everybody, old Welford, who insisted upon being master of the ceremonies, matched Valentine with my mother, my father with Mrs. Wagstaff, and *me* with *Violetta* : all stared—yet all seemed glad.—I don't know how it was, but my father didn't seem displeased ; he had not to dance with Valentine : and Valentine, not having to dance with my father, seemed proud of being paired with my mother.—“ But, sir—such *old* folks *dance*.”—“ Every body in London,” (wrote I, in my description), “ do as they please.”—Everybody did as they pleased here ; and London fashions always preponderate in the country. Besides, sir, my father had been a great dancer in his youth—ladies *always* are (with a few exceptions, and my mother was not *one*) and “ people once bit by a *tarantula*,” O'Gallaghan said it—and I think I have proved him good authority, “ are never

perfectly cured.”—Besides, a dance among friends, dear sir, is not like a dance at Almack’s, Willis’s, &c. &c. &c. &c., where there are *critics* in *dancing*: there were *none* here—only critics in goodwill, who never looked at the *feet* but the *faces* of the dancers. We stood up—I met Violetta—our *hands joined*!—judge of my feelings. Valentine didn’t seem to relish it: but the eyes of all his neighbours were upon him: and he did not know how to express his disinclination. The dance began—the dance went on—the dance was finished; and at the conclusion—my father and Valentine were sitting in chat!—my mother with Mrs. W,—and I with Violetta—isn’t it odd?.

“Dancing” (wrote I, in my Description of London,) “is the best remedy imaginable against the spleen; and if the ministry and opposition would but get at it pell-mell, dancing together with as much spirit as they do pell-mell at

disputing in the house, they'd soon be all of a mind."—I sat by Violetta—and we conversed—in broken sentences—as I write. I had prepared myself, and was resolved, if possible, to ascertain the real state of her heart.

"My *dear* Miss," said I—"Si~~~ir?" said she.—(N.B. ~~~ indicates fluttering, or bashfulness, or tremulous apprehension).—I replied, "My dear Miss, I have heard"——"*Nonsense.*" said my father very loudly to Valentine, at the instant; and Violetta said to *me*, casting down her eyes—"I apprehend your meaning; and your father has answered your question." "Dear Violetta," rejoined I, (with a thousand ~~~~~s), "tell me—pray—is the *question*, or what I have heard, *nonsense*?" "Yes, sir," said Violetta.

Reader, have you never asked a bashful young lady whether she preferred *this* or *that*, and she answered you, "*Yes, sir:*" which left you, as to

information, just where you was? Such was Violetta's reply. I had put two distinct points to her, in total opposition to each other, and she answered, "Yes:" to which could her answer apply? ANGELIC Violetta," said I—[You remark my *climacterical* mode, I hope?]"—ANGELIC Violetta," said I, "discriminate—is Sir Lionel"—"Ejected, I tell you," said Valentine, as loudly to my father as he had spoken to Valentine; they were in the heat of argument. "Will *that* answer do?" said Violetta: and turned away to talk to Miss Martin:—isn't it odd? A second dance took place; previous to which, some spiteful creature said, "Do we change partners?" I bawled peevishly, "No—no;" many tittered, some smiled, and Violetta blushed; but dropped her hand into mine; as much as to say, "don't let me go." And, as if she *had* said so, I said to her, "Never!" "What?" said she. "Part

with my"—I was going to say "my dear Violetta."—I *looked* it: and the soft pressure I intruded upon her hand *said* it.—She blushed—I ventured to say, "My dear Violetta!" *afterwards*—and she said, "What? Marmaduke," in a manner as if she had not heard "*my dear*"—but she had not called me by my *name* before—wasn't it odd?

We didn't change partners—Old Welford said, "We are all best as we *be*"—for he was dancing with the rich widow, whose farm adjoined his own, and whom he was "sweet upon;" and he, (to use his own phrase for dancing,) "*shook a leg*" hard enough to shake it out of his stocking.

Our *first* dance began bashfully: and ended bravely—our *second*, was "*all alive at*"—somewhere; I forget *where*: but I am sure we were all alive at Old Welford's. We *kissed our partners* when it was over; a thing of course, in the country—Lucky Marmaduke! "Sen-

sible people in *the country*, always kiss their partners after a dance," (wrote I,) it isn't fashionable in London: though *waltzing* is—isn't it odd?"

We *were* now to change partners. "Heigho!"—said I, as Violetta and I parted: she falteringly whispered—"You shall know all—good-bye"—and she *half* returned the pressure of my hand—wasn't this an *acme*?

"*She came to very speedily and conveniently.*"—Your card, sir.

"*But could you digest all this, knowing what you did?*"

Your card, sir.

"*In short, were you so easily gulled?*"

YOUR CARD, SIR.

"*Patience, and shuffle the cards—had she not coquetted shamefully with Sir Lionel?*"

Did she not say she would explain?

"*Well, play your cards how you will—we shall see what COLOUR turns up trumps.*"

Not Sir Lionel's, for a thousand pounds.—"In London, (said I in my

description,) people settle every thing by a wager; and *done* and *done*, goes round till somebody is sure to be *done* at last: while the *long odds* bring many to *short commons*." The story of the waiter dropping down in a fit, and the company laying wagers whether he was dead or no; and refusing entrance to a medical man, lest one side should lose by his interference; and then in the true spirit of buckism, ordering him, in case death was the consequence, to be "put down to the bill," is well known; and is an appropriate specimen of *settling by bet* in London—"Is it true?" If every historian were obliged to vouch for the truth of all he publishes, who'd be an historian?

We changed partners: I had *Mrs. Bob*: but throughout the dance, I kept looking so perpetually every way that *Violetta* went, my neck was stiff all the next day. I might have

been dancing with an Indian squaw, for any thing I knew to the contrary; for I never looked at my partner, but with vacant eyes; for speculating upon her was out of the question: and so absorbed was I with the thoughts of Violetta, that at the close of the dance, I actually said—(addressed to Mrs. Bob,) “My *dear angel*, shall I get you some lemonade?” but was instantly brought to my senses, by hearing in a hoarse tone, “No, *thenky*; I’d rather have a *drap o’ hale*: I’m not fond of your *rot-gut* stuff.” I *was* brought to my senses, with a witness; when I recollected I had to *kiss my partner*—“*And what did you do?*—What a *gentleman* ought; kissed her. If I had not *taste* enough to think her handsome, I had too much *feeling* to let her know I thought so. Yes, sir, I kissed her three times over: it satisfied her; and if you an’t satisfied, go and kiss her yourself—and

then—I never liked onions, for my part.

Old Welford's dancing and gallantry made such an impression upon the widow, that their marriage was actually settled that night—"would somebody else's were," thought I.—

Suddenly—Sir *Lionel Lovel* was announced! Through Valentine, he had frequently *honoured* the *village assemblies*: and a title, without either honesty or talent, is an approved introduction in town as well as in country—isn't it odd?—But consider the *honour*—"consider the fright," as the Hackney-coachman said to Tunzey, when the latter objected to the fare asked: indeed, whenever he called a coach, the coachman always looked at his springs before he would venture to take him. Old Welford appeared not to consider the honour so much as the interruption. Valentine pulled up, and

looked grand ; my father and mother never altered their looks on such occasions ; the rest of the company had their eyes fixed upon Violetta and me ; and they seemed to express pity. Violetta shrunk from observation ; I was much chagrined, and somewhat disconcerted ; but evinced neither. The baronet entered—in *boots and spurs*—(*O—h!* thought I—) sauntered in : shook hands with Valentine ; nodded to Old Welford ; half nodded to several others, and not at all to my father : looked round for Violetta, (to whom her father was beckoning in vain,) and though he did not see *her*, he *did* see me ; and involuntarily exclaimed, “ *O—h!* ”—but, as we had fought, etiquette demanded a polite bow, which was given, and returned. My father’s eye fixed upon me, to see how I would behave. Sir Lionel, having at last discovered Violetta, *made his way* through the company

to her; and addressing her with, "My dear creature, I must have the honour of going down a dance with you:" and calling out "Welford, my good fellow, order them to strike up again," he led, or rather forced, Violetta, in spite of her remonstrances, to the head of those couples who were arranging themselves; (her partner relinquishing her to *him* who was expected to marry her:) he apologized for his boots; and had just called a dance, when Violetta burst into tears: and said she *could dance no more*. "O—h!" said the Baronet, and reluctantly conducted her again to her seat: her father scowling at her; and Mrs. Wagstaff scowling as angrily at the Baronet: the rest of the company tittering. The Baronet was a little disconcerted; but it was not his way to *appear* so, long; and therefore, turning to Mrs. Bob, who was standing alone (as his entering had diverted my attention from her) he

said, "Come, you must dance with me." "I never *dances* with *boots*," said she, "and *must's* for your master:" and she immediately came and gave me her hand. "O—h!" said he,—"*Fine!*" thought I, while he, putting the best face on he could, said—"I shall stand out this time," and taking Valentine on one side, they sat down, engaging in a *confab* together, while we danced—and they drank—and by the time the dance was over, Sir Lionel began to be *fresh*—or *tipsy*, or *cut*, or any thing else you may please to call it.

He now proved very troublesome to the ladies; I was sitting near Violetta, which brought him towards the spot: but I, to prevent any unpleasantness to Violetta, engaged in conversation with Miss Martin; whom he addressed in a manner I could not suffer to pass unnoticed; and I said loudly: Sir Lionel Lovell, I never *suffer* any lady to be interrupted, who is honouring me with

her conversation.” “ I beg the *lady's* pardon,” said he sneeringly.—“ Yes,” said Old Welford, who was very indignant, “ and if he begged all the company's pardon, it would only be proper: he *have* disturbed and insulted 'em all; though he were not *axed*; and I say it, though I be in my own house, and I be bound to affront nobody; but, dang it, that gentleman do beat all I ever came near; and I've said it, though he *be* a *barrow knight*.”—“ O—h!” said Sir Lionel, and, walking down the room, with affected *nonchalance*, he beckoned me; and taking Valentine by the arm, went out of the room. I was following, when Violetta, forgetting apparently every thing but a sense of the danger she conceived I was in, caught my hand, and, with tears in her eyes, said, “ Don't go, Marmaduke.” All eyes were upon my father; who said “ Go.”—“ O, they'll fight, they'll fight,” cried several voices.—“ Pish!” said my father; and

led me out of the room—my *eyes* were certainly out the *last*. We found Sir Lionel and Valentine in the hall: “Am I,” said the baronet, to me, “to consider your attack as a studied affront upon my honour?” “You may consider it as what you please,” said I,—“O—h!” said he, “*Your card then*”—offering his. “Young Sir,” said my father to him, “do you imagine, after having insulted a room full of females, you possess sufficient claim to honour, to entitle you to demand *any* satisfaction for being reprehended in your rudeness?”

“I addressed myself to your son, sir,” said Sir Lionel, “and shan’t submit to be schooled by his father,”—(to me,) “You are in possession of my requisition, sir,”—*holding out his card*.—“Sir Lionel, (said I,) when your conduct is that of a gentleman, you *may* be entitled to ask, what is called, gentlemanly satisfaction; but I do not at present consider myself liable to be re-

quired to defend conduct which resulted from an *ungentlemanly* offence on your part, offered to a lady, honouring me with her conversation; and if there be any justification for duelling, upon a principle of honour, that principle can never be pleaded by those who live in a shameless violation of decency; nor by those on whose existence the happiness of others depend."

"O—h!" said he, "then I shall post you."—"Sir Lionel," said I, "if you dare take a liberty with my name, now or in future, wherever you may be, I will find you, and inflict the chastisement due from a man, to one who can degrade that character." "Devilish fine," said he, "but I can't hold parley with a poltron." I *had* convinced him I could stand fire; but had not convinced him I *could not stand* insolence,—I knocked him down,—I could not avoid it—"sarve him right," said a sturdy farmer (who had entered, and with my father, pre-

vented Valentine's interference,) he's big enough to take his own part; and if he can't do that, let *un* tak' a *licking*, for his want o' manners, I say."—Sir Lionel, who rose *rather* more slowly than he fell, said " *Cuss* me, but this is peculiar. I shall not retaliate by imitating the blackguard, and you must meet me, or resign all claim to the character of a gentleman, or a man of courage."—" I challenge you *now*," said I, " to a proper exertion of courage—follow me," and I rushed across the way, for a noise outside the house, and screams of persons in distress, occasioned the hall door to be opened; and we beheld a house, in which were several small children, in flames—I rushed in—but saw *Sir Lionel no more*—I returned from the house, with an infant in my arms, and my coat and hair on fire; I threw the infant on some loose straw, and jumped into the horse-pond—the children were all saved by the farmers

and rustics, at the risk of their own lives ; although not one of them would have fought a duel. I did not leave the spot till assured all were safe ; and then I ran home. My father, who had offered his services to the family, soon followed me, with a child on each arm ; his gallantry not allowing my mother to carry either, lest she should spoil her paduasoy.

CHAP. V.

WHEN my father and mother reached home, the infants were soothed with sweetmeats, and put to bed; and I, having previously summoned the doctor, went to bed as quickly as I could; and fell into so sound a sleep, through fatigue and flurry that I didn't dream even of Violetta all night—isn't it odd? Three days I was obliged to keep in the house; was under the necessity of having my head shaved, my hair had been so burned; but my father's hair-dresser, being adroit in his business, made me a wig in imitation of my natural hair, so cleverly, that the difference was not perceptible. I had the morti-

fication to hear that Valentine, early the next morning, took Violetta—*where*, no one knew—not even Mrs. Wagstaff; who came over to see how I was; and came to my bed-side; for, the first day, I lay in bed, by the doctor's order. She told me Violetta could not write, she was removed so suddenly; but that she *herself* would, before I went, explain *all the riddle* about Sir Lionel and Violetta; and gave me before she left me a purse, made of very small beads, constructed for me by Violetta; the beads were of different colours; and on each side were introduced a *violet and primrose twined together*—the frame work to which the lock was attached, was gold; engraved with a cipher *M. and V.*—and in it was a *gold seal, device a primrose and violet entwined*—and a *small locket, with a lock of her hair*—all which she had been preparing from the time she heard I was coming—for—she well knew how I loved her: though I little knew how

she loved me. How I *gazed* at these presents, and how I *kissed* them, and how I *talked* to them, I shall not say—but leave all *young* lovers to guess, from *experience*—she was mine—that is—her heart was—but she was gone : should I ever see her more?—I got well ; and my term for returning to town came. Two days before my departure, I saw Mrs. Wagstaff ; and heard the promised detail—which I shall give in substance, omitting all the old lady's *says she's*, and *says I's*, and *says he's*, and *says they's*, and *whereupon's*, and *whereas's*, and *you know's*, and *you see's*, &c. &c. &c., there were so many of them.

Sir Lionel and Valentine became first acquainted on the race-course at Newmarket : for Valentine was fond of sport, and was much richer than he chose to own : they *went halves*—as boys at school say—in a very considerable bet, which they won : and nothing binds friendship in this world like money. Sir Lionel

discovered that Valentine had plenty; and Valentine discovered that Sir Lionel had a good estate: and good estates being good securities, Valentine had an itching for vesting some part of his 30,000*l.*—for he had it—in such. Now, opportunely, Sir Lionel wanted money; who does not in these remarkable times?—and, in short, Valentine lent him 20,000*l.* on mortgage. Valentine fell in love with Sir Lionel's estate; and Sir Lionel fell in love with Valentine's daughter. Valentine had learned tricks on the turf, and made Sir Lionel suppose him richer than he was; for he took it in his head that his daughter would grace a title.—“Lady Lovel,” said he—to Mrs. Wagstaff—“it will be a fine thing for her: he is taken with the girl: and having spread the net, I'll lure him into it.”—The way he began was to press Sir Lionel for his money; for the mortgage was conditional: and there were conditions which Sir Lionel could not fulfil

at the proper time; and *then* to be asked for the money, with a gentle intimation of foreclosing if it was not forthcoming, was awkward—and Valentine still kept contriving to get him deeper in debt; and even borrowed money himself for that purpose. In conclusion it was settled—that Sir Lionel should marry Violetta; and Valentine (who had luckily got a 20,000*l.* prize in the lottery) should add 10,000*l.* more to the money due for the mortgage as Violetta's fortune; and the baronet was to settle an income adequate to such a fortune upon her, in case of his death. Violetta, who loved her father as all good children should love their parents, was now acquainted with the circumstance: and *commanded*—to *love* Sir Lionel—isn't it odd? and afterwards to *honour* and *obey* him. She said, "It was possible she might be able to *obey* him—but, to *love* and *honour* him were out of the question. She was *commanded*

to do both—forbidden to think of anybody else—the “*fine lad*” was *nobody* now—she was threatened with the parental curse if she did not accept Sir Lionel as a suitor ; and appear to do so in the face of the world. She was then, through the tyranny of her father, and the meanness of her suitor, exhibited to the public gaze as the *intended* of Sir Lionel, and forced to wear an appearance of content when her heart was almost breaking. She always *thought* I loved her : but as she never heard anything of me, and as my parents were cool to her, she doubted ; and in a sullen sort of despair submitted to persecution with an appearance of resignation.—The duel first roused her to something like hope, that *I* had not forgotten her. Bob’s *ruse* with the *violet* and *primrose*, and the reports he spread, increased the feeling to *actual* hope—the rest you know, reader. Their marriage was once fixed,

and postponed in consequence of Violetta's affecting illness: another time it was fixed, and Sir Lionel found a pretext for putting it off: isn't it odd? Indeed, Valentine had not penetration enough to see that all his love for Violetta was feigned: but Valentine was useful to him; and he was so much in Valentine's debt; and Valentine in debt on account of monies borrowed for Sir Lionel, that Valentine began to be afraid of losing by the *bargain* if he did not stick close to him: for if he foreclosed, he might get his money, but lose the match: besides the probability of being left himself to pay the monies, not only that he had borrowed for him, but the money which, by Sir Lionel's art, he had been induced to become security for: and, if the match were put off too long, he might get so implicated in Sir Lionel's affairs that the alliance would turn out a *baulk* instead of a

benefit: hence he began to be seriously uneasy; and to repent his intimacy with Sir L.: especially after the election business had not only dipped deeply into Valentine's purse, but had lost him his popularity with his neighbours. Thus stood affairs when I returned home. I acquainted my father and mother with the whole I had heard; told them all that had passed between Violetta and me; shewed them the purse and seal and locket; and discovered that they knew the substance of all I had heard long before; that they loved Violetta, for they plainly saw she was sacrificing her heart at the shrine of Duty: and would have been proud of such a daughter-in-law. Moreover, my father said the *moderns* could produce as many such daughters as the *ancients*; let Fubbs say what he would—but, as they despaired of my ever having her, they wished to nip in the bud what appeared to them

a fruitless hope—an useless passion; and therefore gave me no encouragement. “And now, my boy,” said my father, act like a man of honour,—that is, a christian; and a man of discretion; and that is, of common sense—in regard to Violetta; and I leave you to yourself—your happiness shall be mine—you are to marry, not I—I pleased *myself*; you have my free will to *please yourself*; and if you get Violetta, I have no doubt but you will be as happy as your father has been, and *is*.”—My mother wiped a tear of joy from her eyes—we all three wiped *many*, when we parted—but, as my time with Tunzey was nearly out, I was soon to return and settle with them, and be *architect and surveyor-general to the whole country*—isn't it odd? I went melancholy to bed that night: and sat in my room looking at the candle—there was a *letter* in it—from Violetta thought I—then there was

a *winding-sheet*—for *me* thought I.—Not, reader, that I believed in such nonsense: but I was hipped, and wrote

TO MY TAPER.

Taper, how cheery-bright thou'rt seen,
While hast'ning to decay :
Yet thy own brilliance is the mean
That wastes thy form away.

The pale, consumptive wretch, who smiles,
And hectic cheek which glows,
But mimic thee ; for each beguiles,
By brightness, latent woes.

That cheek's florescence is the *flame*
Which feeds upon the heart :
That smile *death*, with a brighter name,
The plumage of the dart.

Thou art the poet's emblem bright,
A fervid, melting, elf ;
Who, while he burns for others' light,
Unpitied—wastes himself !

Wish not that *the gods had made thee*
poetical.

In a long conversation I had with my *dear* Mrs. Wagstaff, we laid a plan about a correspondence with Violetta, should she come back—"God knows," said she, "my brother is not the same man." In fact he was fonder of St. Crispin than St. Valentine—Sir Lionel had taught him to drink: Sir Lionel had taught him to be—no better than he should be. I had now to part from my parents. Parting with friends is both bitter and sweet: 'tis bitter to leave them; but the hour of departure elicits such manifestations of affection, that these are—what there always is in Heaven's ordinances—"A present help in time of trouble."—Though the evil one scatter tares, the good angel is there sowing the good seed: and *these* take the deepest root.

This parting with friends is like a summer evening, when the sun is going down; and when, to make us as cheerful as he can, he gilds every casement;

to dazzle us by the glitter, and draw off reflection from the event of his departure, till it comes ; while he gives every object a mellow tint ; and one never looks on a mellow tint without the mind's imbibing something of its repose. Good-bye—bless you all !—All's right ! —toot ! toot ! toot !—yaeup !—I'm off for London.

CHAP. VI.



My companions in the stage were, a square-set Jew: an athletic military officer: a stout quaker: a fat gentleman; and a fat lady, with her son Neddy, about twelve years old, on her lap; or, allowed by courtesy to squeeze in on the seat—four in a row—in the dog-days too!—but, as Terence once said—from the beautiful Sterne—with a little twist of the *maning*,

“Heaven tempers the *lamb* to the *shorn wind*.”

Seven insides, and we bore it!—isn't it odd?—To be sure they were only licensed to carry *six insides*—the act not

determining whether they were to be *long* or *short sixes*—which makes a *difference* in the *diameter*—but then—“ In London (said I, in my description,) every body takes leave without license: and this was a London coach: and who ever cares a farthing for the horses?—when they are *done up*, more are to be had.” Did you never see *nine*—*Pa* and *Ma*, *Aunt Spriggins*, the two big *gawkeys*, two *middlings*, and the two *little pets*—all in the family *go-cart*?—or, on a *hot* day, the family *oven*, drawn by—*one horse*? and this is called a party of pleasure—at any rate the horse has none of the pleasure—9 to 1!—long odds!—We were all sulky at first—as *usual*: came to by degrees, as *usual*: then, all talked at once, or as we could edge a word in, as *usual*; and nonsense took its turn oftener than common sense—as *usual*—not only in a stage coach, but every where else.

The fat gentleman, pointing out to

me a *broken and picturesque stile*, said, punningly, that's "*Sterne's style*:"—"Where, friend, (said the quaker, looking out,) is *Sterne's style*?" "In Holborn," said Master *Neddy*." Great Turnstile and Little Turnstile too;"—"Ah, he knows; do'nt you, Neddy?" said his mamma, "*vy he vent all the vay to Vapping von day by himself*."

"Our cattle go but slowly," said the quaker."—"The *spirit* doesn't move 'em," said the officer.—"Friend," returned the quaker, "thou art handling a weapon thou dost not understand; and when thou appliest the shibboleth of another's creed, charity, as well as good sense, should induce thee to apply it innocently."

"I meant nothing personal, I assure you," said the officer; "I made use of a common expression, in the same thoughtless way in which common expressions generally are used." "I perceived thou did'st," replied the quaker, "and there-

fore took the liberty to remind thee of it; the expression is used *commonly*, as thou sayest, in derision of *our* persuasion—yet, young friend, light allusions to sacred subjects are always rash, and never witty; and the subject in question should never be alluded to but with the utmost awe. The *Holy Spirit* is not to be *grieved* with impunity—there is *one* sin pardonless; and trifling with danger may, at last, draw us insensibly into it—excuse me, friend.”

“Certainly, sir,” modestly, said the officer, “I never saw the subject in that light before: and I thank you for the caution.”

“*What! a young military officer and not quiz the quaker?*”—Why should he? I see no more reason why a *soldier* should be a *coxcomb*, than a *parson* a *prig*; and though there are more than *quantum sufficit* of both cloths, it does not prove that the army is composed of the one, or the church of the other:

Let a fool put on a red coat, or a black coat, or—your coat (Sir Lionel's I mean,) it won't change his nature—Isn't it odd?—I don't know *any* gentleman more of a *gentleman* than a *gentleman soldier*. “Pray, sir,” said I to the Jew, supposing him deep in the alley—“There are certain associations (*wrote I, &c.*) inconsiderately indulged, and which are inveterately prevalent in London; such as identifying quackery with physic; legerdemain with law; violence and whiggism; servility and toryism; nonsense and a new play; trash and a new novel; rhyme and poetry; nobility and fashion, &c. &c. &c. &c., as well as 'Change-alley with a Jew.—“Pray, sir, (said I,) how are present affairs likely to affect the funds?” “I don't know, (replied he,) I have nothing to do *mid* de funds; and I never *troubles* my head *mid* any *ting* but my own pusiness.”—“Every body here (*wrote I in my description of Lon-*

don,) trouble themselves about every body else's business instead of their own: and that's the reason why nobody's business goes right."—[I wrote *mentally*—"to except the Jew when I got to town."] The quaker said, "Stocks look up, friend;"—"I 'm sorry for that," said the lady, "for I *wants* to buy in, when I *gets* to *Lunnun*—(with a look of importance,)—I hope they'll fall;"—"Why, ma'am," said the officer, "should you wish inconvenience to others for the sake of your own private advantage?"—"I honour thy sentiment, friend," said the quaker, apparently delighted with the opportunity to commend.—"*Vell*," said the *lady*, "I don't see for my part, (she had sat swelling from the time the officer addressed her,) I don't see, for my part, any harm in *vishing* the stocks down; it's all in the way of trade: I *wishes* to sell, Neddy here *wishes* to buy;"—"Yes, I should like to buy some gingerbread, ma," said

Neddy, “ but you *von't* give me *no* money.” “ *Vat* a fool the boy is,” said she—“ Ah, *he knows*,” (thought I,)—I *wishes* to sell, you *wishes* to buy,” (to the Jew.)—“ Never *wished* any ting of the kind in my life, ma'am,” said the Jew ;—“ Pooh !” said the lady, “ I only *supposes* it by way of argement : I *wishes* to sell, and *wants* the stocks *up* : you *wishes* to buy, and *wants* 'em down—all as it should be ; every *von* for themselves, and God for us all, I say.”—“ Ma always says that,” said Neddy “ don't you remember, ma, how my aunt laughed *ven* you said so, *that'ere* time that you cut the *old ooman's* string shorter, to make it fit the fender you sold her, because you hadn't *von* long enough ?” “ Ah, *he knows*,” thought I. “ Eh ! you little blab,” said she, “ but it *was* no more *nor* this, gentlemen ; I *know'd* she'd come back again, and *vile* she *was* gone I got a fender the proper size ; so I *s'cured* my customer : that's

all, and *vere vas* the harm of that?"—"Dids't thou not oblige her to take the fender thou procuredst in her absence, whether she liked it or no, friend?" said the *quaker*. "Dat's only a secret of trade," said the Jew. "Vell," said she, in return, "and a very good secret too: I suppose you never *buys* bad shillings, and *passes* 'em too"—with a swell of triumph. "Ven I *pays ped* shillings," said the Jew, "I *always* does de *pest* I can *mid* 'em." "He ought to *cut* the shillings, oughtn't he, ma?" said Neddy. "To be sure," said Mamma. The Jew—"If God is for all *dem vat* *cutch de shtrings*; he's *mid* all *dey vat* doesn't cut de shillings." The coach door opened—"Please to remember the coachman; I go no farther." The Jew didn't *cut* the shilling here; for he gave one instantly: Mama *did*, for she gave only *sixpence*: the rest gave what was proper—the door was shut again and we proceeded.

“ I don’t like such *himposition*,” said Mamma, “ we pays our fares and that’s enough.” “ Civility, money, friend,” said the quaker, “ is necessary anywhere ; and comfort and attention must be *purchased* every where.” “ These little gratuitous expenses,” said the officer, “ are the tolls policy pays to convenience ; the horses shod with silver generally go the lightest.” “ *Vy* they never *shoes* horses with silver, Ah ! I knows,” said Neddy, *knowingly*. “ Ah, *he* knows,” said I. “ No, my dear,” said mamma, “ the gentleman only means the coachman drives better *ven* he’s *tipped*.” “ Ah, *Ma* knows,” said Neddy—Isn’t it odd ? thought I. We talked on till we stopped to dinner. Every body knows what a stage coach dinner is—*old* acquaintances and *new* wine : just time enough to say grace, pay the bill, and leave the dinner behind you ; besides something to the waiter for—staying out of the room—so I needn’t

describe more. I took it in my head to stop the rest of the day here, and dine decently; so I wished my companions a pleasant journey.

The officer took it into his head he'd stop too——*Ha—ah!* thought I. “A brace of game always,” said Tunzey, when he saw but *one* pheasant at table, and two to eat it. My companion was a sensible, and an elegant young man; a lieutenant of infantry; his name *Artherton*: we passed the remainder of the day pleasantly indeed; and next morning agreed to post it to London, that we might enjoy the luxury of a *tête-à-tête*, congenial with our feelings; without the interruption of more Neddies and their Mammas. Captain Artherton — (“Lieutenants,” said I, &c., are always captains,) had obtained two months’ leave of absence from his regiment, to visit his friends in London; and was as eager to arrive there as myself; that was another reason for our posting

it; and a third reason was, Artherton wished to go by a cross road, for the pleasure of observing a prospect, which he said was the most *beautiful* he ever saw.

“ About this time twelvemonth,” said he, “ I was thrown from my horse, and found senseless by a cottager, who conveyed me very humanely into his house, where I stayed a week before I was again fit to travel ; we shall pass the place in our way ; and I shall rejoice in calling to see how my worthy hosts are, who certainly saved my life ; and I have brought them a little present in my portmanteau.”

This, thought I, must be his only reason for going out of his way ; and he who would not agree to go out of his way to enjoy the sweet prospect of gratitude making an offering to humanity, deserves to be doomed to travel for ever in the high road, smothered with dust, and crammed with twelve

insides. We had gone some miles out of the direct road to London, when I discovered that I knew *that* we had entered upon—"Not far from here Artherton," said I, "lives one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw."—"Indeed!" said he, looking a little *comical*,—"It was upon this very spot," said he, "I was thrown from my horse."—"Indeed?" said I—and—"if it *should* be," thought I—the driver having dropped his whip, checked his horses to recover it; and, while we were stopping, we were attracted by an exclamation—"Tunder and nouns there's the both of 'em." We instantly turned towards the direction of the voice, and saw Terence O'Shaughnessy. "Come out of that," said he, "and see what there'll be in the cottage, any way." Out we jumped, ordering the driver to follow us; and amid hearty greetings with the honest Irishman, trudged along to the cottage. I observed Artherton's face brighten up as

he approached it—as *did mine*; and I observed he was as much busied, though not in so direct a manner, in scrutinizing my looks, as I was in analyzing his—isn't it odd? I *purposely*, inquired after the inhabitants of the cottage *generally*; and Artherton was as little *personal* in his inquiries as myself—Terence answered, as it happened, in *generals*; and as we approached the cottage we heard an *infant* cry—at that moment I discovered—not the longitude, but something very like it; for Artherton's face was *as long as my arm*—and Terence's I could not describe—it exhibited such a mixture of vexation, and apprehension; and was screwed up with so ludicrous a twist, I could scarcely forbear laughing—"blood and ouns!" said he to himself; and bustled forward to enter the cottage first; but I was determined he should not; and stuck as close to him as calumny does to misfortune. We entered together, and I saw a lovely infant in Judy's lap; and a

young female, (whose face I did not see; but she had much the figure of Kathleen,) slipped out of the room—isn't it odd?—Terence, unobserved by Artherton, looked at me, and, putting his finger to his lips, taught me that he wished me to be neither curious nor communicative—I *looked* him a *satisfactory answer*, and began with “ Ah, Mrs. Shaughnessy, how d'ye do? you little expected to see me; or my companion? “ Sure and *sowl*, sir,” said she, “ and I didn't—Terence, get the gentlemen *sates*,” and she seemed as confused as her husband; who placed behind me the only chair in the room which had but *three legs*; and while Artherton was paying his respects to Judy, I was paying mine to the cottage floor. “ O, the powers! Terence,” said Judy, “ what have you been after doing?”—“ Only *flooring* me in a friendly way,” said I—“ Arrah,” said Terence, “ I'm taken so unawares, I don't know what I am about; it was

that same chair that tumbled down the little gentleman in the big wig, last night; and, when I'm bothered, if there be a wrong way of doing any thing right, Terence is the boy for it." I was soon seated firmly; and Judy said, "Here, Terence, draw the ale, while I spread the table," and popping out of the room, and returning *without* the infant, she set about the task; without inquiring whether or no we required refreshment, but—

"*Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.*"

The table was spread in an instant, and we sat down; Artherton appeared to have no appetite—I had—yet we all seemed a little disconcerted—Terence tried to be comical, and made bulls purposely, to make us laugh; and we did laugh, in compliment; but with as little mirth as every body laughs who puts the visible muscles in motion merely for good manners.—"That's Kathleen's child," thought I—Artherton seemed to think

so too—"How's Kathleen?" said I, with a little embarrassment, for fear the question should in any way betray the confidence Terence had imposed on me—"Pretty well," said Terence, "she *won't* be at home now." "We none of us seem to be at home," thought I—Artherton stifled a sigh in the direction of my ear, as he turned round, that none might hear it. "That was a beautiful infant you had here when we came in," said he. "He's fishing," thought I; the bait wouldn't do—Terence and his wife were *odd fish*, and were shy; they were deaf to the inquiry.

The repast over, Artherton ordered the driver, (who had been regaled, as well as his horses baited,) to bring in his portmanteau: out of which he produced a *silver tankard*, ciphered TJO., and, presenting it to Terence, said, "You must add to the kindness I experienced when here last, by accepting this, as a proper receptacle for your ex-

cellent ale ; to drink the health of the worthy O'Rourke, of whom you told me." " Power of St. Patrick," said O'Shaughnessy, "*will* I be such an intruder on your generosity, Sir?" " An indulger of my gratitude, rather," said Artherton ; and, filling the tankard from the pitcher, he raised it to his lips and gave "*O'Rourke*,"—which was drank round from the tankard ; and the ale *went down* so sweetly, the tankard *went down* after it—but not the same way. Artherton then produced a handsome gown piece, of which he requested Judy's acceptance. " O, fait now, and Captain Artherton, (said Judy,) I'm ashamed that you'd be after thinking any more of the little *sarvice* of duty we did ; and here *we'll* be robbing you for it." " Don't *mention* it," thought I.—" Wear it for my sake," said Artherton. She curtsied thanks and acceptance : and he now opened a black case, in which were a neat gold necklace, and

ear-rings, and locket, enriched by a few pearls, tastefully disposed, "These," said he, "I intended for—Kathleen,"—and he faltered a little—"she is not here, and—perhaps,"—"She won't be here for some time," said Terence. Artherton seemed not to know how to act—he could not get at what he wanted; and—something stuck in his throat when he attempted to speak—the child's *pap spoon*, perhaps, for that was missing, as well as the child; and when he entered he certainly devoured the *child and all* appertaining to it—with his eyes. "If I thought," said he, "these trifles would be accepted by Kathleen, I should consider the distinction of being so recollected by her as too honourable not to increase the gratitude which the trouble she took with me excited." Terence and Judy looked at each other, and both looked grave—"Arrah now," said Terence, "I'm bothered to acknowledge your honour's good-

ness; and to be the *manes* of refusing it; but Kathleen is the property of another, and——” “I understand you,” said Artherton, putting up the jewels—“give Captain Artherton’s compliments to her, and tell her he will ever preserve a grateful impression of her kindness;”—and turning to me—“we’d better be going,” said he; when, who should walk in but *the little man in the big wig*.—“Why, Fubbs,” said I, “is it holiday time?”—“Yes,” said he—questions and answers, why and wherefore, followed; I handed him the three-legged chair; and the chair, himself and his wig instantly made the three points of a triangle. “If school’s *up*, your’e *down*,” said I, “a proof that the modern *quadruped* is preferable to the ancient *tripod*.”—“You *won’t* be hurt, sir, I hope?” said Terence, raising him from the floor,—I officiously replacing his wig. “Hurt,” said he, “no—but the next trick he plays me, I’ll forgive him.”

“ A bargain,” said I, “ here’s too it,” drinking and presenting him the ale, with which he washed down the little ill humour he exhibited; and as he had only looked in to bid Terence farewell, before he went to the town to catch the London coach, we invited him to take a seat in the chaise with us; which, he gladly accepted, and we set off together—I, whispering to Artherton, “ We haven’t seen your *prospect* yet.”—“ It has vanished,” said he—and he didn’t speak a word for the first two miles.

CHAP. VII.



FUBBS's appearance at the cottage, I could not account for otherwise, than by referring to that mystery which appeared in every thing I observed connected with that cottage, when I was there with O'Rourke; and I conceived that Fubbs had been there on some secret commission from him: but I could get no satisfactory answer to any inquiry I made of him—wasn't it odd?—for which, (having had his pardon beforehand), I determined to take some pleasant revenge. It was *certainly* Kathleen I saw, thought I—and then the child—and then O'Rourke's mystery—

and then such a lovely girl as Kathleen in such a remote place—and the daughter of people she did not resemble—I did not know what to think—appearances—“ In London,” said I, in my description, “ people judge only by appearances ; which are nine times in ten false.—How loving that couple in company are!—bless you they’re *not at home*—how *patriotically* that member speaks—he’s *out*—and how *loyally* the other—he’s *in—cum multis aliis, cæteris paribus*—isn’t it odd?”

“ Appearances deceive,” thought I—“ O’Rourke’s nobleness ; Terence’s honesty ; Fubbs’s integrity ; and Kathleen’s innocence—impossible there can be anything wrong—the girl’s married—but why *still* mystery?—it’s odd, certainly ; time will shew, as Welford said.”

About six, we stopped to dine ; but we sat down to dinner not half so gaily as Artherton and I did the day before.

He concluded, as I did, that Kathleen was married: and his *prospect* had vanished. I had revolved in my mind some mode of playing Fubbs a trick: and thinking it would serve to revive Artherton's spirits, I conferred with him on the subject. To bring it about effectually, and that we might have one more pleasant evening together before we parted, I proposed our remaining at the inn till next morning; to which he agreed, and Fubbs was easily induced to acquiesce. We laid our plan before dinner, and pushed the bottle about, not forgetting the rum toddy, which our *magister* preferred to the most esteemed wines. After our wine, Artherton and I slipped out, severally, leaving Fubbs over his toddy and the Times newspaper: and strolling into the fields, we gathered a quantity of the same *tormentors* with which I formerly lined Fubbs's wig.

When we returned, the waiter told

us Fubbs was gone for a walk. I ascertained his bedroom, and, slipping into it, strewed the *hep* seeds between the sheets of his bed, and fastened packthread to the top of the clothes, which were turned down; and conveying the string under the counterpane brought it out at the foot of the bed, under the carpeting, through the doorway, leaving the end of it concealed by the passage cloth; intending when he was sufficiently tormented by the *hep* seeds, to pull the clothes with a jirk down upon the floor. *Very mischievous indeed*, you'll say, reader, as fatal consequences are sometimes produced by persons being abruptly awakened in so violent a manner: but, allow me to say, that I knew my man; that his *nerves* were never to be put into such a state of fearful agitation: and that, having been a complete trickster himself, in such cases his presence of mind never forsook him: and *he himself taught*

me this trick, though at the same time he told me he was once concerned in a similar one which had nearly proved fatal to a young person on whom it was practised.

Artherton and I, to divest Fubbs's mind of any thing like suspicion of our being at all inclined to any thing like levity, appeared all the evening not only dull, but melancholy: and Fubbs rallied us for being so. I complained of a head-ach, and Artherton retired, wishing us good night: I soon followed, and joined him in his room, which was near to that of Fubbs; whom we had the pleasure to hear not long after, ascend the stairs, enter his room, and lock the door. We listened—heard him get into bed; and waited impatiently for the effects of the tantalization the hep seeds would occasion him. We waited, eagerly listening, for half an hour; all was silent; till our ears were saluted with—Fubbs's

snoring—isn't it odd? "Is it possible," said I, "he could sleep? Let's wake him, however: here Artherton, take the extremity of this packthread, and stand by the head of the stairs, as we must pull in that direction; and I'll pull nearer to the door—are you ready?"—"Yes".—"Go, then, with a good jerk."—He did—head over heels down stairs, and I after him, with about three yards of the string in our hands, which came away; for it proved, that the string had been cut, and the bed-clothes producing no resistance against us when we pulled, we both lost our balance. To make it worse, we were in the dark; for when Artherton brought out his candle, I advised him to take it back again, for fear the light should betray us: but he put it out, forgetting that when I joined him in his room, I had extinguished my candle, by letting it fall. We clearly discovered that Fubbs had detected our scheme: so

we had nothing to solace us under our disappointment, but the shame of a defeat, and the vexation of groping our way to bed in the dark. I turned the clothes down to get into bed, and at the same moment the alarm-bell affixed to the window-bar rung. I immediately slipped into Artherton's room, and told him to come with me for there were thieves at my window; and we should, probably, if we proceeded cautiously, secure them. Artherton caught up his pistols, and gave me one; we removed the bell, the bar, and the shutters, as rapidly and as quietly as we could; opened the window, and saw a parcel of cats on a house-top, who set up a general squall, as if in derision; and Artherton, vowing he would not be made a fool for nothing, fired at, and dispersed them in a moment: the noise of the pistol set the house-dogs a barking, and brought down the landlord in his shirt, (for all were in bed,) to know

what was the matter. We explained the circumstance of the alarm-bell ringing; and accompanied the landlord, two waiters and the ostler, whom the pistol and the dogs had alarmed, all over the premises and yard, to see if there were any robbers concealed; but all was safe; so we procured lights, and returned to bed.

I heard Artherton jump into bed, and at that instant two or three bells *below* rang together so violently, that he jumped up again: and down again came the landlord and the waiters: another search all over the house took place equally fruitless; and the landlord, whether or no he suspected any trick we could not divine, seemed rather sulky—perhaps our consciousness of guilt relative to Fubbs put such a thought into our heads: however, as he *said* nothing of the kind, we thought it impolite to intrude our opinions. Artherton and I, mortified at hearing Fubbs con-

tinue to snore so comfortably, agreed to examine our beds, and discovered strings affixed to the clothes, and so artfully disposed that they had communication with all the bells in question—these we cut: and vowed vengeance on Fubbs, to whom alone we could impute the trick, executed upon his having discovered ours. Having laid our plan, we retired to our respective rooms: and I had not laid my head on the pillow an instant when I was seized with a violent fit of sneezing. I immediately divined that Fubbs had strewed the pillow-cases with hellebore; and upon examining them I found my suspicions true. I stripped off the cases, and betook myself to bed again, not without fear—but fell comfortably asleep: and, waking early, I sat up, and seizing the handle of the bell-rope, which was withinside the head-cloth, as is usual, I pulled it to summon the servant; when, instead of hearing a bell ring, I heard a sort of

clicking noise, and in an instant I was deluged by a shower-bath through the tester cloth, which was flat, and *not impervious*. I was electrified: but recovering my breath, jumped out of bed: and contriving by means of a table and chair, to surmount the tester, there I discovered *that* part of a shower-bath which contains the water, with the bell-rope very adroitly fastened to it, and released from the bell-wire to prevent its ringing.

My trunk supplied me with dry linen. I dressed as quick as I could, and tapped at Artherton's door; who let me in, and told me he had not slept a wink the whole night: for that the hep-seeds had been removed into his bed: and though he had removed the sheets, the blankets were as well supplied: and that at last he was obliged to lie upon the mattress with the counterpane and the bed-side carpets over him. How to be revenged upon Fubbs on the spot was

immediate object: we heard him still our snoring: and we were prepared to pay the landlord something handsome for any inconvenience which might result from our tricks. It is necessary to remark that our three bed-rooms were in a sort of passage detached from the staircase, so that no one came through it but who came purposely to the chambers it contained—consequently no one could observe us while carrying on our operations. We removed the shower-bath from the top of the tester; and there being a projecting beam in the ceiling over the entrance to Fubbs's room, I, recollecting that I had seen some old screws and a gimlet in a basket in the passage of the room where we dined, slipped down, brought up the gimlet and two screws, and we introduced them by means of a pocket-knife blade into the beam: to these, by cords, we attached the shower-bath, exactly over Fubbs's door, and emptied

into it both our water-pitchers and bottles ; and fastening a cord, which had been round my trunk, to the bath, we carried the end of it into Artherton's room, which afforded us the best direction in which to pull it ; and then waited Fubbs's egress silently, like spiders watching their prey. We heard him stir—what a delightful sensation !—we conceived we heard him chuckling—Oh ! how we chuckled at the idea of our *anticipated* triumph—we heard the door unlocked—opened—heard his step—*pulled* the cord—heard the rush of the water, and heard—in a furious voice we had *never heard* before, such words of rage as I must beg to be excused mentioning : we were paralyzed—peeped, and saw a colossus of a grazier, whom I had noticed the evening before ; who was vociferating like thunder till the whole household rushed up and down the stair-case to discover the cause of such an uproar.

Artherton and I expected to be sacrificed upon the spot, the grazier was so furious; and one of Artherton's pistols being loaded, he seized it, and we walked into the passage—after the landlord, suspecting from the business of the night that we were the perpetrators of the outrage, had knocked at our doors—where before we could say a word, the grazier was lifting a large cudgel-like stick to revenge the insult he had received, when Artherton stepping back presented his pistol, and said, “Stand where you are at your peril—we do not disown what we have done: but let every one assemble below; and if we do not clear ourselves from every suspicion of having done it with an intention to injure or offend, we are ready and willing to abide every consequence which may accrue from it; and (*to the grazier*) upon my honour, sir, as a soldier, you are not the person for whom we contemplated this ludicrous punish-

ment."—The pistol, our determined manner, and gentlemanly appearance, had the effect of producing a suspension of hostilities, and we all adjourned to a room below—where our explanation commenced; the result of which satisfied every one present that Fubbs had discovered our trick; played us another: and to secure himself, had gone off in the night-coach; which accounted for the grazier having the bed he was to have slept in. The stable-boy was evidence that *the little gentleman in the large wig* had discovered the part of an old shower-bath, which had occasioned the mischief, in one of the stables, and had given the boy sixpence to take it up into his room a back way; but the boy did not tell anybody of it, as he could not suspect mischief. My bed being drenched as well as myself proved that the bath had been first *placed to my account*; and the revenge I proposed taking, while ignorant of Fubbs's escape,

appeared perfectly justifiable. The grazier, too, beginning to cool, being a good-humoured fellow ; and discovering that he alone had not been *rained* upon, began to relax, and even to enjoy the joke. We proposed paying all damage incurred ; and, if he stayed, to treat him with a dinner wine : and in fine that which commenced so seriously, concluded with a general laugh, at our expense, as well as the bill ; which, when we paid the next morning we discovered not a small one ; exclusive of remuneration to the servants : but the grazier and we parted excellent friends : and learning he was acquainted with Sir Lionel, whom he described as an “ infernal scoundrel : ” I obtained from him some intelligence, which I shall hereafter make known.

CHAP. VIII.



I AM at Tunzey's once more—isn't it odd, after so many hair-breadth escapes? But before I go on progressively, allow me, reader, to retrograde a little; for the purpose of fulfilling a promise I made some time since, namely, that of describing how O'Rourke and I spent one day of pleasure at the cottage—in an exactly different way to that we had planned.

O'Rourke, Kathleen, and I, went in his gig; while Terence attended us on horseback, to take charge of the gig when we were tempted, as we frequently were, to walk. I had so many opportu-

nities of talking with Kathleen this day, that, odd as it may seem, it spoiled my pleasure. I had not been to my father's then ; and I despaired of Violetta ; so here was I imbibing from the artless conversation of a beautiful and amiable girl sensations which I had not the courage to attempt to suppress, while each of them reproached me with want of fidelity to Violetta ; I was almost fascinated with Kathleen's manner ; and yet I felt as a meanness in myself every action, word, or look, from me towards her, that went beyond the bounds of common politeness : yet to have a soul, and walk with Kathleen, without experiencing feelings which made parting with her painful, was certainly impossible : and the more I tried to hide my mental embarrassment from her, the more I compromised my consistency. To make it worse, O'Rourke committed her to my care, so that I had no way of avoiding the dangerous association :

and once, while we were in the gig, he stopped, and getting out, bade me drive Kathleen gently round a point he directed his finger towards, and he would join us in an opposite direction—then he crossed a stile into a field, and I lost sight of him—I observed also that Terence had left us. On our road we came to a very steep hill—to ease the horse I got out and walked; I had not been out more than a few minutes when the horse, from a cause unaccountable at the moment, became restive, sprung forward, and when I tried to seize him, threw me down: the chaise went over me, and he was over the hill before I could rise. I was not materially hurt, still I was unable to run: and I wrung my hands in despair as I limped along, bawling for assistance, though no one was in view. At length I reached the top of the hill, and saw, to my infinite delight, the chaise stopping just below: the horse down, and Kathleen sup-

ported on the arm of a very genteel man. I dropped on my knees, and thanked Heaven ; and I should have done the same, I verily believe, in the middle of Cheapside—my heart was so full :—for I should have seen nothing, I am sure, but the picture of deliverance before me ; and the picture of gratitude was surely the best companion for it—and if these two pictures accompanied each other in *every* exhibition, it would be always worth *paying for peeping*.—Yes, I do think I should have knelt in Cheapside, I was so overcome with joy ; though it certainly is not the precise place I should have picked out of the whole map of London by choice.

Goldworthy was the gentleman ; and when I could speak, I could only say—“ *Goldworthy, God bless you!*” Kathleen, in answer to my looks, faintly said she was not hurt ; and she sat down on the trunk of a tree which lay by the roadside ; and Goldworthy recommended me

to sit by her and support her, while he looked to the horse. For a moment my thoughts reverted to a scene *something* similar, when I sat by Sir Lionel on the bank: my mind reverted to Violetta an instant—but—I was *with* Kathleen, and had been the careless cause of her danger; and I could only think of Kathleen.

A couple of peasants came up; and soon after Terence, riding from the *opposite* direction to that in which he left us. His astonishment I need not remark: the horse was so lamed, it could scarcely put one of its fore-legs to the ground; which leg was very much cut: and when we were all sufficiently collected to attend to the detail, the inquiry naturally became, how the horse fell. Goldworthy said, he saw the horse run off from a rising ground where he was walking, in a line with the spot where we then stood; he sprang into the road with a huntsman's

short leaping pole which he generally carried with him when strolling the country, as he was a thorough sportsman, though in London he appeared such a beau; he came as nearly in front of the horse as he could with safety, and, by an effort with the pole, checked the horse so effectually, that he was attempting to turn short, when Goldworthy, who was a powerful man gave him so violent a blow with the pole on the shin of the leg next to him, that the horse dropped instantly; and Goldworthy was speedily enough by the side of the chaise to catch Kathleen's clothes, and prevent the fall being fatal or dangerous; and she had, with great presence of mind, held fast by the side of the chaise. Goldworthy now very politely requested us to remove to his country-house, which he said was about a quarter of a mile distant, and the cottage was at least four miles off. Terence advised the

removal to Goldworthy's house, to whom he said, "I'll never forget this day, and this deed, sir; to the last breathing I'll be beholden to you"—he then said, he'd go for O'Rourke instantly; and proposed putting the horse he rode on, in the chaise to carry Kathleen forward; but she declared she could not venture in the chaise again: so, she leaning on Goldworthy and me, we proceeded gently on, while Terence put his own horse in the chaise, leaving the peasants, whom he knew, to conduct the wounded animal home; and he drove off for O'Rourke. On the way, Goldworthy suggested that the horse, which was naturally quiet, must have been stung in some sensitive part by a large fly very troublesome to cattle, and which species abounded in those roads.

We arrived at the *Hill House*, as Goldworthy's villa was called. It was a moderate sized building; shewy, like

its owner's mode of dressing ; but still not in opposition to taste. We were introduced to a handsome parlour, which opened into a good sized garden, judiciously laid out : and Kathleen was attended by a venerable old housekeeper, who talked much faster than she walked. "Mrs. Clackly," said he, "we will leave this young lady, who has undergone much alarm from an accident, to your care at present ; I have no doubt but you will find means of composing her agitation."

We left them, and O'Rourke and Terence soon came driving up : and if Kathleen had been O'Rourke's own child he could not have exhibited more perturbation about her : for though he seemed full of gratitude to Goldworthy, he could hardly say any thing but "Let me see her—let me see her : " and when he saw her, and saw she was safe, and had recovered her spirits, I

saw tears of joy stand in his eyes. It was natural: he had taken great pains with her education; he had—in short, he had been a father to her; and she loved him as one.

Our farther progress was over; for we were none of us in a humour to continue it: O'Rourke proposed returning to the cottage; but Goldworthy insisted we should all dine with him, in so friendly a manner, it was impossible to refuse: Terence was directed to go home with the chaise; and Goldworthy said he had a comfortable caravan at our service at night, which would take us all: indeed he discovered this day more good sense and good nature than I had thought he possessed, from former experience—" *experience makes, &c.*"—isn't it odd?

Goldworthy did every thing he could to make us pleasant, yet I was *not* pleasant: he paid a great deal of at-

attention to Kathleen—"yet you wasn't pleasant?"—no, I was not. I began to think him a fop again—"What had you to do with his attention to Kathleen?" Did you ever experience the tantalization produced by a little fly in hot weather, buzzing about your nose; while you kept whisking your hand first on one side, then on the other, over and over again, without at all defeating the little gentleman; who only frisked from the side where your hand was, to that where it was not? You are that fly, tantalizer, and my conscience (I suppose,) is my nose—"Indeed! then always follow your nose, and you'll walk straight." What, if it was turning a corner, as, perhaps, it was now?—I had one long tête-à-tête with Kathleen, while O'Rourke had another with Goldworthy—and I heard these words from O'Rourke—"I had been there when this happened. Goldworthy: "All right?" O'Rourke: "Yes."

wasn't it odd? I smell a rat, thought I—there is mystery about O'Rourke and the cottage; and—I wonder what it is—"Silly thing," said Kathleen, to a fly, who being too eager for the enjoyment of a preserve upon the table, had ventured so far into the glutinous approach to it, that he could not disengage his legs—"Silly thing, you see what comes of prying."—'Twas odd. "It gets late," said O'Rourke; "we must be going." The caravan was at the door—we are in; we're on the road—we're at the cottage. "*How quick you travel*"—'tis the age of speed—we have even *flying wagons*—isn't it odd?

As we had to breakfast early and be off, we retired to bed soon; and I did nothing but dream of Kathleen and Goldworthy. I dreamt they were married—and I didn't like it: and that Violetta came and asked me *what business it was of mine*: and then I was

glad they *were* married—and then I saw Violetta arm in arm with Sir Lionel—“*and then?*”—I tumbled out of bed, I suppose ; for, when I awoke, I found myself on the floor.

CHAP. IX.

“ IN London, (said I in my description,) it is fashionable to make overtures of marriage to one lady, while you make love to another.” Perhaps my having lived nearly five years in London had made me so *far* fashionable, in regard to Violetta and Kathleen; yet two strings to my bow was a thing I never contemplated. Kathleen, at a time when I deemed Violetta lost, gave rise to sensations in my bosom which, taking me by surprise, made a deep impression—and when I had been at my father’s, though it were injudicious—

“ In London, (said I in, &c.) people

substitute *soft* names for *hard* ones: see New London Dictionary, at *Inj.*—INJUDICIOUS—see *criminal*—CRIMINAL-*obsolete*; the word injudicious being substituted, which is, &c. &c. &c.;" though it were *injudicious* to encourage any equivocal sensation for Kathleen; still it was impossible for me to be insensible towards her. Observe—I loved Violetta; yet she was publicly proclaimed another's; and I had no reason to presume, at the time I am now describing, that her heart was mine; and then, she was—far away. I saw Kathleen at a critical moment for my heart, and felt for her *something* similar to what I felt for Violetta—it stole upon my meditations, and became troublesome. I *saw* Violetta *again*; danced with her, &c. &c. &c.—You know the event: I found that Violetta *had* my heart—Kathleen my sincere admiration. And whether in case Violetta be forced to marry Sir L—, I shall

make love to Kathleen, time will shew ; and you shall be satisfied before you finish my history.

When I returned to Tunzey's from my father's—"So you're come back?" said Tunzey, "you looked like a fritter before you went; now you look like a marrow-pudding—ha—ah!"

"Have you heard anything of Caroline?" I *ventured*—"Mistress Tunzey is calling you," said he; "one mustn't keep ladies waiting"—and *he* waited no longer; but went out; and I *in*—to the drawing-room to Mrs. T——: compliments were the first things that passed, of course; then inquiries; and then—the answers to them; and *then*—Mrs. O'Rourke came in; and, after the usual salutations, told me my friend Bob was ill, and wished much to see me. I found him confined to his bed. "Ah! Marmaduke," said he, "I'm glad you're come; I wanted a comforter;—how's my father?" "Here's a letter for

you," said I—he read it—"So, he's going to be married?—well, may he be happy—happier than his son is"—wasn't it odd? Determining to sound him, I said, "I had the pleasure of dancing with *Mrs. Bob* that is to be, as your father calls her." "She never will be," said he with a sigh: "Oh, Marmaduke, I wish I had trusted you earlier—I *must* now—I never doubted your honour; but the honour of another was too sacred to allow me to trust any one—one excepted; and he discovered, by accident, partially, what I was afterwards obliged to confide wholly to him, from necessity;—I have been married months." "I guessed it," said I; "isn't it odd?" "It's singular," said he: "I was married to—" "Caroline?" said I. "Even so," said he. "Hear the detail before you pass any censure upon me: it is, I am afraid an unfortunate business; but it is irrevocable. You knew how I was devoted to her:

how attached she was to me. Mrs. Tunzey began to suspect it; and had seriously told Caroline so: and at the same time told her that her father had views for her of a much more eligible and distinguished nature; bidding her beware how she committed herself—heavens! I need say no more, than that, in one of those awful moments to which frailty is sometimes left exposed, for the trial of faith, or the punishment of confidence—a cry in the street interrupted him; I ran to the window: “What is it?” said he: “A thief,” said I. “You have explained,” said he; “I was the *thief*,” and he concealed his face. “I repaired the injury,” said he hastily. “O, Marmaduke, what we have both suffered is incommunicable: we dared not acknowledge our error, and ask permission to marry—besides, no time was to be lost—I got a license, as we were both of age: we met by appointment, and were married;

O'Rourke gave her away; and Mrs. O'Rourke, who is an angel, and her own maid—who was bred up with her, and is in her complete confidence—attended as witnesses. I had, knowing his honest and philanthropic nature, and his power to serve me by breaking it gradually to Tunzey, as well as from necessity, confided all to O'Rourke; he overheard us bewailing the fatal moment, and privately, upon my leaving Caroline, taxed me with it. Soon after Goldworthy's proposal was made—imagine our distress; O'Rourke had been paving the way to break it to Tunzey, when this came like a clap of thunder; and he found Tunzey's heart was so set upon the match with Goldworthy, that he conceived acknowledging our marriage would be a dangerous discovery; make Tunzey irreconcilable, and expose Caroline to the censure of a not very charitable world. He

had done all he could to dissuade Tunzey from sacrificing his daughter's hand at the expense of her happiness; but the alliance appeared so advantageous that Mrs. Tunzey was not to be turned; and Tunzey was too much dazzled to put a negative upon it. "Let Goldworthy try his fortune longer," said Tunzey, "and it will be time enough, by-and-by, for me to decide—let's see how dinner's served up, before we pronounce upon it, ha—ah!" Caroline discovered sensations that would soon have made secrecy impossible. I flew to O'Rourke in despair; "Bother," said he, "that you couldn't be asey, you blackguard; but talking's moonshine in the morning, among the daylight—I have it—tell Caroline to get a package of clothes ready, and wait my orders—that is—my gig, that'll be ready for her, when, and where, you'll know in the morning—as for yourself, stand steady

—be as ignorant about her absence, as you was regardless of her peace, and bad manners to you—don't be looking *down* upon it—if I gave you a hard name, don't let it soften your courage; look *up*, strut about, and leave me to carry you through afterwards; for the least suspicion of *you* will—blood and ouns! *get out*—here's somebody coming.”—And out he literally pushed me. The night Caroline eloped she retired to her chamber early; and had, by degrees, previously, conveyed all her clothes to O'Rourke; who spent that evening at Tunzey's; it was that previous to your duel; as you may recollect—I was in the garden ready; and, by a ladder of ropes, liberated her through the window, and took her to a place appointed by O'Rourke, where he joined her; (though you may also remember, I was supposed not to have returned from the country; I had been in town three days, *perdu*, in which time

O'Rourke and I had settled all :) I did not go home till about three in the morning, when I went in a chaise, to prevent suspicion; and as Skein had told me to take a day or two's pleasure after business, he never suspected anything."—"You're a father," said I—he looked at me with astonishment—"How did you know that?" said he, "Isn't it odd?" said I, (the matter was explained to me at once—"Kathleen is not married," thought I, "and Artherton will be happy to hear it.") I told him of Terence's cottage, and "Pray," said I, "does Mrs. Welford reside with Terence O'Shaughnessy, and his wife?" "No," said he, "with a respectable old woman in that part of the country."—"Ho," thought I, "To Mrs. Welford then went O'Rourke and Terence, the first night I went to the cottage; and to the same place did O'Rourke cross the fields when the chaise ran away with Kathleen,"—isn't it—no, it's not odd at all.

“ You are father to a beautiful boy,” said I, “ and as the boy’s in the background, rely upon me for not bringing him forward.”—“ I know your honourable nature,” said he, “ and you will from that very nature acquit me”—“ Of every thing unbecoming a man,” said I; and here Skein came in with a “ How dy’e do, Bob?” which broke up our conference; and, as too much talking was oppressive to him, I left him, and walked over to—*Erasmus Fubbs*—I saw him through the window—he did not see me—“ and now,” thinks I, “ a Rowland for an Oliver, Master Fubbs.” I went to a house of entertainment close by, to plan my stratagem; for I had digested nothing, as my effecting *any* trick would depend upon whether I got a good opportunity, and how it was to be got; I wished not be seen, nor suspected of it, if possible. I understood, accidentally through the waiter, that there was a club held at the house, of which Fubbs

was a member ; that that was club-night, and also his night for being president ; on this foundation I planned my trick ; I went out and bought some of those trifling fireworks called crackers, which go off with reiterated bounces ; and returning to the house, from a retired room, saw the members of the club assemble ; and at last Fubbs, *figged* out in style and his wig full powdered : through bribing the waiter I got two crackers affixed to Fubbs' skirts and one to his wig, when he was in the chair ; and to each cracker was joined a length of what the pyrotechnists call slow match, which, when lighted, does not ignite the firework immediately, but the spark takes some time in travelling up the match before it reaches the powder in the firework. The glass went round ; the song went round ; jokes went round ; and their heads began to go round. I waited for this season of confusion, and (through a slide in the wainscot,

from the next room,) with a small wax taper, I ignited the slow match ; slipped out of the house ; and getting round to a window of the room, which looked into a ruinous place, I climbed up a mutilated abutment, and my eyes were even with the hole which was cut in the shutter to let in the light ; in which situation I saw every thing which took place. I supposed Fubbs's health had been drank, for I heard three huzzas ; and he was standing up, making a speech, when I reached my point of observation ; where I had scarcely posted myself, when the cracker attached to his wig took fire—bounce ! bounce ! off went the wig, and began jumping about from one place to another, as the firework impelled it ; the company shouting with laughter ; and when Fubbs, the instant he recovered his surprise, jumped down to secure his wig, the crackers in his rear began to explode, and he capered about like a madman ; the confusion it oc-

casioned producing no little mischief, in the accumulation of broken glass, &c. The noise brought up the company from below, who joined in the uproar, at Fubbs's expense, till he foamed like a mad bull ; vowing vengeance against the perpetrator if he could be found ; taxed every member of the club round ; who individually, and altogether, assured him of their innocence ; the waiter was charged with it, but the company declared (and thought) that he had not been in the room for an hour before it commenced ; nor at any time long enough to have affixed the crackers ; and urged the impossibility of his having been able to do it unnoticed. At last one of the company, (they all knew Fubbs to be fond of playing tricks,) suggested, waggishly, that Fubbs had affixed the crackers himself, in order by their explosion, to heighten the fun of the evening ; and the conceit tickling the fancies of the rest, they began to

applaud him for projecting such a “monstrous good joke,” at which he stormed ten times more.

The landlord, plainly perceiving the author would not discover himself—and suspecting some gentleman of the club—began to inquire who was to pay for the broken glass: for which the club, in return for the entertainment they had experienced, subscribed: and a spirited member, who said he wouldn't have missed the joke for a guinea; (and on whom therefore the suspicion fell, on Fubbs's part,) ordered in a bowl of punch: and, as the wig was'nt injured to *signify*, nor the coat, Fubbs at last was brought to; joined in the laugh, and joined them also in the bowl, and in drinking, in allusion to the idea started by the wag, to “*Fubbs's fancy*, and may all his undertakings *go off* as well.” I then made the best of my way to a coffee-house in town where I was to meet Artherton.

We met; *I* with the *smirk* of triumph on my countenance: *he* with the sadness of defeat: I saw his disappointment about Kathleen's supposed marriage lay heavy on his heart—we called for a bottle—drank to our future merry meetings; mutually inquired how we found our respective friends; and I commenced what pleasant intelligence I had to convey, by informing him I had avenged our cause upon Fubbs, and *how*; at which he laughed heartily; but soon again his physiognomy got clouded: and then I illumined it by saying, “that was not Kathleen's child.” He seized my hand, and said, “O, my friend, you have recalled life into me—but—how do you know?” “By the best possible means in the world,” said I, “by knowing both its father and mother; but on that head ask me no more questions.” “Yet, tell me,” said he, “is she not married?” “I have no reason to believe she is,” said I. “But,”

he rejoined, "did not her father say that she was the property of another? how can I reconcile that?" "I think I can," replied I. (he) "Are you not *sure*?" said I, "She has been brought up by the Mr. O'Rourke whose health we drank: and she is also the *protegé* of a Mrs. James, who has promised to leave her some property on condition she resides with her some months in the year; and I perceive Terence considers her the property of those who provide for and protect her." "Some champagne, waiter," said he, "my dear fellow, you are my better angel; for I do think I shall go mad if I have not that girl." "But, your friends?" said I. "I have no parents," said he, mournfully; "nor any one to control me: and I shall have a handsome reversion at the death of an uncle, who is old—and, as I can then support her handsomely, I will have that girl—if I can."

I was just going to insinuate some-

thing about Goldworthy ; but conceived it was no business of mine : and now—*Teaser!*—if I had any *love* for Kathleen I had pointed out to another the way to defeat its progress, and had acted, in *that* case, honourably. We parted with an engagement to meet often : and I wandered home, out of spirits.—Isn't it odd ?

CHAP. X.



To account for my low spirits—Welford's disclosure, though my readers know I suspected his knowledge of Caroline's flight, oppressed me: my fears of the evil consequences of the discovery to Tunzey and Old Welford preponderated over my hopes of the good: then Goldworthy's being privy to Caroline's retreat—as I guessed he was from what passed between him and O'Rourke at the villa—and that retreat being near his house, gave a disagreeable twist to my conceptions—yet I knew O'Rourke to be no fool, nor did I know Goldworthy to be a rogue ; but

I knew not what Bob might think of it, when he knew it—though I was ignorant of whether he might not know it. Hence, though I felt pleased that I had thrown a bar in the way of any thought I might casually indulge about Kathleen; yet I was not certain that I knew enough of Artherton to justify my giving him any encouragement to make advances to her; nor that I was acting in an honourable way towards her, in subjecting her to the propositions of any man. “Pshaw!” said my grandmother, “when love once gets into the heads of girls and boys, good-bye to every thing else.” “Pish!” said my father, “you never played at chess.”

The next morning I called on O'Rourke: and there I found Fubbs. “Pray,” said Fubbs—as if to have the first blow at our meeting—“Did you ever deal in *fireworks*?” an irresistible smile betrayed me;—“Did you ever deal in *waterworks*?” replied I, “you

might be sure I would not die in your debt:" and I told him how I managed the trick. Our several disasters were related to the great amusement of O'Rourke; who advised us, notwithstanding, to strike a balance there, and open no new account; for it might end, he observed, in some serious consequence—we assented, and shook hands upon it: but whether with sincerity, or, as politic courtiers do, with a secret determination to return to our old tricks the first opportunity, remains to be proved. Fubbs went away, and O'Rourke and I engaged in a serious conversation about Welford's affairs; of which he supposed me ignorant. It commenced in consequence of my telling him of my seeing the child and the lady at the cottage; and, at first, joking him upon it. "Get out of that, you spalpeen," said he, "and so you thought the child was mine, no doubt?" "I had long suspected *something*," said I,

“ Bob has now told me all, and I wonder you took me to the cottage, when secrecy was so necessary.” “ To break you in by degrees, my dear boy, like a wild *coul*t as you are, for you must assist us in managing the grandfather.” “ But, let me ask (I rejoined,) was it prudent to let Goldworthy into the secret; for an expression you let drop at his table convinces me he is?”— “ Pooh! he’s safe: he is only lately gone to live there, he met Caroline by accident with the bab: and I was obliged to tell him the whole—from the marriage—and told him that he was the occasion of the elopement: he wanted to do a great deal in the money way, and that; but, sarrah the *rap* any one lays down for her but these fingers: it’s my own frolic I’m engaged in, and I’ll have all the fun to myself.” “ Does Bob know of his proximity to Caroline?” “ Don’t be bothering (said he,) he’s in the dark yet—and I’ll keep him so, till

I see a fit opportunity to light the candle. Goldworthy's in town now," "and teasing me to death about—*very—serious—matters.*" "Kathleen?" said I.—"You're Friar Bacon's brazen-head," said he.—"Time *is*," said I.—"Ay and time *was*," said he, "and time is *past* too: for I'll talk no more about it—only that *this* isn't the time: and the time that *was* is a riddle to be expounded hereafter—good day to you;" and off he was with his usual contempt of ceremony.

"In London, (said I, in my description,) people like to have a story told as briefly as possible; without a number of intrusive remarks; especially if there be courtship in it." So, making but one remark here; I will go on with my story. *Adventures without love are caviare* to the multitude of young readers: and, as I hope to have young as well as old, I entreat they will imbibe one good

lesson from its representation here, viz., that when love is made the *business*, instead of the *balm*, of life, it always turns out a very *foolish* business; and that, whenever its operations render nugatory moral obligation the consequence is, inevitably, retributive anguish: and that, although the voice of love be the language of nature, all language to be profitable should be pure; *that is*, learned from the lips of truth and discretion; otherwise that voice which is as the harmony of a seraph, becomes the seductive *fantassia* of a siren: and here I shall introduce a hasty sketch of her whose voice was as a seraph's to me; which I took on the evening of the ball: unluckily, after I had *outlined* the face, she saw me; and popping up her fan, you see the consequence — yet the painter's veil applies here—



I acquainted my readers that I had learned from the grazier some circumstances relative to Sir Lionel; one was, that he had the art and address to draw Valentine, (whom the grazier knew,) into a snare which he expected would end in his total ruin; and that he (the grazier) had met Sir Lionel, Valentine, and a young lady, while on

his journey ; and that they were going a road which he knew led towards one of Sir Lionel's country-seats. How a father could make his daughter travel without any female companion, with such a man as he knew Sir Lionel to be, though their marriage was considered certain—putting all consideration of her character, in case the marriage did not take place, out of the question—I thought *odd*. I began to be seriously alarmed about Violetta, and my feelings convinced me that whatever my attachment might have been to Kathleen, my heart was Violetta's. I was wretched, and wrote to Mrs. Wagstaff, to learn, if possible, what Violetta's situation was : and nothing could compose me till the postman delivered me a letter which I broke open, as an hungry man seizes the first morsel of bread after a long abstinence, and read

My dear young Friend,

I am sorry to say that I have no good news for you; poor Violetta is with her father at or near one of Sir Lionel's country-seats. I had a letter from my brother, saying, he should be home soon—he has tired me out; and I believe I shall very shortly leave him.

Yours to command,

E. WAGSTAFF.

By a post or two after came one from my father, who told me, “ he had heard strange news relative to Valentine, and had observed suspicious men lurking about his premises; that it was generally rumoured that Violetta and Sir Lionel were married—or—*worse*—(that was his expression,) for that she certainly was *said* (and he underscored it,) to be living in the same house with him.” I don't believe either that she is married, or—*worse*—I said to myself; and, in proportion as they described

Violetta as unworthy of my affection; that affection increased—isn't it odd?—My father remarked, “that he thought to inform me of these things was his duty; and I, he was assured, knew mine.” “I do,” said I, “as her lover to clear up her character, if it be attacked—if I can—and though my honour might forbid my union to her, *should* she be single, yet—the girl to whom I have vowed truth; who vowed truth to me—and—with such looks as an hypocrite could not assume; shall I forsake her fame, though I must forego her hand?—never—Violetta, (I exclaimed,) I loved thee ere I knew what love was: I love thee now, when I know what *madness* is; and I shall love thee when—if thou art what they would insinuate—no other will; but—I will consult Welford—no—O'Rourke.”

A few days after I was invited with Tunzey, his wife, and Skein, to dine at

O'Rourke's—we went: and Tunzey was in as high spirits as he generally was—for through his daughter's abduction his spirits were not the same as when I first knew him. A feast of delicious things it was, as Tunzey said. While at the bottle, O'Rourke asked Tunzey if he had received any more anonymous letters about his daughter: he replied, “*No*—it's an unpleasant subject, and I never wish to be reminded of it: she was wrong, very wrong! I would not have forced her to have married *anybody*. Now, (with a subdued voice) I care not to whom she's married; but what her state is, I know not. The letters are all enigmas; and only tell me she is well, but unhappy; and that time will acquaint me with all—bah!”—and he filled and drank a large bumper of wine. “Come, come,” said Skein, “that was not spoken from the heart, I am sure.” He replied not.—“No,” said O'Rourke, “or my old and worthy friend (taking him

by the hand) has two hearts—with one of which he is not even yet acquainted.”—“Two hearts?” said I, “he has all our hearts.”—“I feel but one heart now,” said Tunzey, “and it’s up to *here*—(putting his hand to his throat)—*ha-ah!*” but it was not the rich, fat, mellow, Falstaffian *ha-ah!* which he usually uttered: it was the effort of something like nature trying to subdue suffocation; and the tears stood in his eyes.—“Come, come, Toby,” said Skein, “you know there’s no flattery here: we all want to see you happy; and then not one of us will be unhappy. Your daughter’s absence must be a heavy weight upon your mind; but, as you have never expressed any wish to receive her should she return, may she not dread your presence? Proclaim aloud that you will receive her, and we’ll all set our wits to work to find her; but as you give us no encouragement, we have no inducement; for it would be cruelty to find

her for the sake of telling her that, which the bare apprehension of may have been the means of producing fatal effects already.” — “Heaven forbid!” cried he, with another unusual *ha-ah!* — and we were called to the ladies. — During tea, a servant came in with Mrs. *Somebody's* compliments to Mrs. O'Rourke, to know how she was. — “Who's come, Sally?” said Mrs. O'Rourke. — “The woman, ma'am, who comes sometimes with the fine child.” — O, has she that fine baby with her now?” — “Yes, ma'am.” — “Bring it up then; and, Mrs. Tunzey, you shall see the finest child of its age you ever saw.” — “I wish you had just such another of your own,” said Skein. — “Go along, you fool,” said she, patting him — not *very* hard. The door opened, and in came — it couldn't be Judy O'Shaughnessy, because the nurse and I didn't exchange a word. — “There! Mrs. Tunzey,” says Mrs. O'Rourke; “come,

nurse, give it to me:" and she took it, and placed it in Mrs. Tunzey's arms, who passed compliments enough upon it, and kissed it—while a tear fell on its face as it looked up, smiling; which seemed to say, "I had a child of my own once." Tunzey (certainly much agitated) was looking over his wife's shoulder at the child, (his arm resting on her chair, and his hand dropped down over her breast,) and surveying it very intently; when the little innocent, (as such little innocents do sometimes,) clasped his finger in its chubby hand, and was drawing it to his mouth, as infants do—"to rub their gums," Nurse Sheepshanks used to say—when he heaved a sigh, which all understood, though none appeared to notice it; and Skein (unwisely I apprehended, for I trembled at the time) asked O'Rourke when he had done any stock last for Goldworthy; and Tunzey unexpectedly exclaimed, "Curse the fellow! I

wish I'd never heard of him ;" then he walked out of the room, overcome — Mrs. Tunzey was deploring the same thing ; but said " Such an indulgent father as he was ! I do not think if ever I do see Caroline again I can forgive her for the misery she has caused her father ;" and at the same minute the child pulling her necklace, she said, kissing it—" Oh ! you're a pack of sweet, sweet torments ;" then gave it to the nurse ; from whom O'Rourke took it, and began an Irish song to it ; when Skein, joking him, said, " Why, O'Rourke, it's so much like you, I shouldn't wonder if it should turn out one of your own ; and that you're imposing it on my sister as the child of somebody else."—" Sarrah, the bit," said O'Rourke, " is it Judy ?"—(as recollecting himself, suddenly,)—" Nurse, I mane."—" There, there," cried I, " that slip of the tongue tells us that nurse and he are old acquaintance."—" Upon my

word, Mr. O'Rourke," said his wife, "if I thought it could be possible."—"You wouldn't refuse to receive such a sweet cratur," said he, putting it to her; and she kissed it.—"Why," said Mrs. Tunzey, "it would do anybody credit; and if—he! he! he!—my old man had brought me home such a one, I know what I should say to *him*; but I don't know what I should say to such as thee, little darling," (to the child): and Tunzey re-entered. We had heard him pacing the adjoining room—all were in great good humour; and Tunzey's face had cleared up. O'Rourke now said, "Tunzey, they have been bantering me, and betting me the child's mine; and Mrs. Tunzey vows, *tunder and nouns*, what she'd do to you, if you brought her home such a one; and upon my honour, now I look at it, it's very much like you."—"Well, I declare," said Mrs. O'Rourke, there's Tunzey's mouth."—"Ha-ah!" said O'Rourke, "and his

wicked look too.”—“ Why I declare, Tunzey,” said Mrs. T. looking intently at it, “ it is something like your mouth.” That accounts,” said Tunzey, “ for your kissing it so often—ha-ah!” and then we all laughed as hearty as we could, with “ Bravo, Tunzey!” — “ Well,” said O’Rourke, “ what say you now, Mrs. Tunzey, my darling? as we’ve brought the fact home to your husband, the cratur; will you *resave* the boy according to promise?” and he put the child in her lap.—“ It’s impossible to refuse such a sweet creature,” said she, “ but it must be owned first, (looking archly at Tunzey) that I may have my revenge out in scolding.”—“ *I’ll own it,*” said Tunzey, in a tone so serious that Mrs. Tunzey, starting, had certainly let the child fall, if Mrs. O’Rourke had not taken it. “ I have expected this,” continued Tunzey. “ I heard in yon room a step of anxiety—I heard a

sob of misery—I heard a voice—give me some brandy”—it was on the table with the coffee—I gave him some instantly, and he drank it, while all eyes were rivetted on him—Mrs. Tunzey thunderstruck. “A voice—Oh! how dear to me!” resumed he, “bring, bring her to me, and if she is but married I forgive her.” Mrs. Tunzey screamed: O’Rourke was out of the room in an instant; in another Caroline was—in her father’s arms, and soon in her mother’s. *Judy* cried like a child. Draw the veil over it. “*People in London, (wrote I) have feelings as well as people anywhere else.*”

Much was done; but much was yet to do. Tunzey and his wife said little, but held Caroline between them—a hand in each; while O’Rourke danced about the room with the child; and at a convenient moment popped it into *Judy’s* arms, and popped her out of the room; then, equally afraid of questions being asked which might defeat the remainder of

his plan, the servant coming in, and speaking to him, he took Caroline by the hand, and said, “ *Fait and sowl*, you must be packing, for that great cratur of yours is kicking up Paddy’s delight for the whiskey-bottle:” and he whisked her out of the room also, before Tunzey and his wife could prevent him ; and then he unfolded in a very adroit manner *every* thing that had occurred—excused the steps he had adopted by the imperative obligation upon one friend to save the family honour and the children of another : laid the *error* which had happened to their own indiscreet permission of Welford’s presence at all times and in all places with Caroline, (which he made worse than it was). “ Nobody knows of the *slip* but ourselves,” said he,” and the sooner a slip’s recovered the better ; nothing remains to hinder us being happy, but the determination in ourselves to continue miserable ; and as

there can't be a sowl of us so truly out of our senses as to determine *that*, why there's an end of sorrow; and, (*very seriously*) my dear Tunzey, (taking his hand,) and my dear madam, (taking her's) we have, none of *us* three, very *many* days to enjoy happiness here; and as there is but one way of acting to enjoy it hereafter, I needn't say that while, with your present affectionate feelings, I congratulate you most warmly upon the share of *both* the states of happiness you must enjoy; I'm sure you'll thank me most cordially for giving you an opportunity of doing what you've both been so long wishing to effect, but didn't before see your way clearly how to set about it."

All was forgiven—and never went happier hearts home: Tunzey uttered "Ha-ah!" as we returned, frequently; and Mrs. Tunzey did nothing but talk about the "sweet little infant." "Ha-ah!" said Tunzey; while I could not feel

my own misery, on account of Violetta, through the pleasurable sensations I felt for the joy of others.

CHAP. XI.



THE next day it was settled that they should all dine at Tunzey's, as Bob was sufficiently recovered to join them.

At Tunzey's all were happy ; all were delighted, or rather transported with joy. Fubbs wrote an *epithalamium* on the day: I should have inserted it here, but he said his pride differed from that of the generality ; for as every body else seemed ambitious of appearing in print, he wished, as the ancients always considered the voice of the million censure, to retain *his* poetical effusions in manuscript for the perusal of the select few ; by this means, he said, though he should

procure a less number of readers, the number of critics would be proportionably reduced ; and his sleep would be as much less disturbed by the barkings of pedantry, envy, ignorance, and ill-nature. “ You don’t mean to apply those terms to all critics,” said I.—“ I apply to *no critics*” said he ; “ *they* are but few—but to their myriads of imitators I apply it ; arrogating to themselves the power to draw the bow of Ulysses, when they are only fit to draw the “ *long bow, or—small beer.*”—“ Why, Fubbs, what bathos,” said I.—“ I learnt it of the *moderns*,” said he, “ isn’t it odd ?” Time stole on—*my* time with Tunzey had expired ; and Welford, whose articles were likewise out, had been admitted an attorney ; and was to be made partner with Skein ; who began to relax from business. Old Welford had married the widow ; and Mrs. *Bob* had married a farmer who was fond of acres and onions, and cared not for

beauty. I had heard nothing of Violetta; for Valentine had sold all his property, and left the place entirely; while Mrs. Wagstaff had gone to some distant relations, to finish her life in repose. Artherton was for ever complaining of his hard fate in never seeing Kathleen, though he had been more than once to the cottage for that purpose; and, as his regiment had been removed to London, I saw him frequently. I began to have serious thoughts of returning to my father, and advising with him how I should *begin the world*: but Tunzey saved me the trouble, by proposing a partnership; as he *too* began to relax; I agreed, and was of course under the necessity of settling in London, and could not effect a visit to my father and mother till the following year.

“Thy numbers, *jealousy*, on nought could fix”—

Welford and Caroline took possession of Skein's house in town, as Bob had

to manage the business of the office ; Skein and the Tunzeys going into the country. It had been a settled thing between O'Rourke and Welford, that the latter should not go down to the cottage where Caroline was concealed, during her residence there, lest the *secret* should by any unfortunate accident be prematurely discovered, and the reconciliation he laboured to effect, frustrated ; but after all danger was, past, and security promised peace, Welford (having occasion to attend the assizes professionally in that part of the country) took it into his head one day, when there, to ascertain and contemplate the spot where his Caroline gave birth to their blooming boy. While he was sauntering about the spot, enjoying the delightful sensations which arose from contrasting the misery they had experienced, with the happiness they then possessed, and the flattering prospect of its long conti-

nuance; and was strolling on his way, a countryman approaching, Welford asked him a question relative to some object in the prospective, which led to a long conversation; during which the countryman gave him the history of all the seats, and all their owners, within the scope of their speculation; and among them *Hill-house* was mentioned; “the gentleman who owns it,” said he, “be not long come into these parts; nor be he very often here; he have a power of money, and his name be Goldworthy.” “Goldworthy?” said Welford, with something like alarm; but not sufficiently exhibited for the peasant to notice, “what sort of a man is he? I know a gentleman of that name.” “He be a fine looking man,” said the countryman, “and be mortal fond of gay dress; and he be a bit fond of the girls too, I do fancy, and he *be* a bachelor,” (with a grin.) “*O—h!*” said Welford, “and his house there, stands conve-

niently enough retired to favour intrigue." "Anan?" said the man; "His house there," (Welford,) "stands very snugly for keeping"—"O—h," said the man, "I understand you; but, no: there be no ungain doings there: only he be very fond o'peeping about the cottages, where there be pretty girls; and it were thought by more than one or two, that he came after a nice young woman that were in a cottage somewhere over yon way, I don't exactly know where, but she be gone now, as I've heard." Now his finger pointed in the direction of O'Rourke's cottage, as well as of that in which Caroline had resided; but the information was like an electrical shock to Welford, who could think of no other cottage than Caroline's: and who awoke, in an instant from his dream of bliss, to a delusion of distress, for which his mind was not in the least prepared; the nature of which my readers will readily con-

ceive. He wished, yet feared, to question the man further ; for doubt, and discretion, contended equally for the mastery ; therefore what further inquiries he did make were made in so *round-about* a manner, that the man either did not understand them, or was as ignorant of all he inquired about, as he appeared to be ; for Welford could elicit no information from him to justify the notion which had started in his mind, that the *nice young woman, who was gone, was Caroline* ; or, to prove to *him*, that she *was not* : and the man, having talked as much as his time or his inclination permitted, wished him a hasty *good day*, and left him absorbed in no very enviable train of reflection. He determined, therefore, to go to the cottage, introduce himself, under pretence of thanking the possessor for her attention to Caroline, while there, (the old woman had never seen him,) but when he came to the cot, it was shut up, as if the owner

had gone out for the day ; and he determined to call there the next morning, to satisfy his suspicions. His *suspicions* ! —and was the bliss they began to enjoy only the eve of a new day of calamity ? alas ! how transient is the season of joy !—this has been a trite observation from the beginning of the world ; for inevitable truth has made it so—and it will continue to be as true as it is trite to the end of the world.

There is something so very destructive in imprudence, that once an important act of it committed, however we may imagine we have surmounted its effects, it leaves that behind it which sooner or later, and more or less frequently, plagues us through the remainder of our lives. Security was prohibited to man when Heaven gave him hope.—“ Why should Goldworthy,” thought Welford, “ choose a house so near the cottage where Caroline was ; and then not till *after* she was settled there ?

—it was odd—*very* odd—he couldn't reconcile it—"Confound the pen!" *said* he—and jammed the nib of the pen, he was writing a law case with, on the table, and split it to pieces—now the error lay not in the pen, but in the hand which trembled as he wrote—yet it was *that* hand which pressed Caroline's, when he vowed eternal *truth* to, and eternal *trust* in, her. It was the nature of his profession to wrest and torture coincidences into circumstances, and then attach weight to them, though they were futile enough for any dispassionate mind to see through: and thus, did he, professionally perverse, found argument upon surmise; work it up sophistically till he imagined it reason; and then twisted the specious fallacy into the semblance of specific fact. Now, Miss Sneer, I beg you will put on none of your *very* wise looks; they are *too* sapient to be just; and *too* significant to be charitable. "In London,"

(said I in my description,) “ *some* people have microscopic eyes, which gives them a great advantage over the rest of their species; as they can distinguish that which is imperceptible to all others; indeed, such is the magically magnifying power of some of these eyes that they deceive even their possessors, by creating *somethings* out of *nothings*—those who are, *unfortunately*, gifted—[I say unfortunately, because nobody but their own *kind* believes in their representations, and the suspicion, they give rise to falls upon nobody but themselves—] unfortunately thus gifted, squint dreadfully; and therefore see every thing in a situation of obliquity; consequently when they mean to *follow their noses* straight forward, when going upon their *own concerns*, they poke them, in zig-zag angular directions, into somebody, or every body else’s. I have remarked this species of visionaries in other places besides London.”

Dear, compassionate, reader, upon my honour, Caroline was innocent; and I feel myself bound to tell you so, *now*; that she may not suffer in your opinion, as well as in that of her husband, while her ordeal is going on.

Welford went over to the cottage next day; and was mortified enough to find a new tenant there; who knew nothing about Caroline, and cared for her as much: and from whom, about her, he could get no intelligence. He then took it into his head he would find out Terence's cottage, which he only knew from me, and see if he couldn't get some *satisfaction* there—such satisfaction as the scorpion's wounding itself with its own sting is. He found only Terence at home—Bob, as neither he nor Terence knew each other, (for only *Judy* had seen him at O'Rourke's,) was at a loss how to introduce himself; and Terence, who was pretty shrewd, began to think, from his

manner, that there was mystery in the case ; especially, as Welford made one remark, which he meant to refer to Caroline, but which Terence seemed to think glanced at Kathleen, (of whose existence I had never told Welford, for reasons best known to myself, if they were *reasons* at all,) and the honest Irishman began to suspect that Welford might be an emissary from Goldworthy ; who, as I told you, was laying siege to Kathleen, and for that reason O'Rourke had removed her from the cottage ; and *therefore* Paddy (to use his own words afterwards expressed to me,) “ led him a wild-goose chase, after a *humming* bird ; till he lost himself by the light of his jack-a-lantern.” And locking the cottage door outside, and pocketing the key, pretended business, to get rid of him ; walked away, and left his querist as fully answered as he was before they met.

Squash !—I've killed him with my

foot—it was an ugly spider, reader, who was stalking with his contaminating legs over a beautiful rose; and brewing poison from those sweets whence the bee in the morning had extracted honey.—No—he is not dead, he has run off—where the deuce is he?—O, there he is—*Welford is crossing the stile.*

CHAP. XI.



THE jealous Welford was obliged to return to town next day—sulkily enough went he—sulkily enough came he home. “My dear Robert, you’re not well,” said his *dear* Caroline. “Not *very* well.” said he; and nothing went on *very* well with him for several days—but he tried to appear happy—as hypocrites try to appear amiable; or bears to dance—its always like the blunderer’s *try back*. Caroline saw something was wrong, and doubled her endearments to restore his mind to the state it was in when he left her; little imagining the cause of its evident perturbation—innocence and

suspicion are of too dissonant natures to amalgamate. Having thus commenced with Welford's jealousy—as absence from the scene where he first imbibed it, and the presence of her whom he nearly doated upon, with her redoubled endearments, began in a few days to lull his *fears*—we will leave him at present, and proceed with other matters, full as necessary, and, probably, more satisfactory.

I grew restless about Violetta; I could hear no tidings of either her or her father; and Mrs. Wagstaff I knew not how to direct to; nor could I obtain any knowledge about Sir Lionel, for whom I hunted every resort of fashion and folly in vain.

I began to be visibly depressed in spirits, but found in Welford no comforter; for he seemed as much in the *blue devils* as myself; when one day I met Artherton, by accident; he said, gaily, “I was just going to call on you;

I have seen her at last ; have danced with her ; have been smiled upon by her ; bewitched by her ; and——.”

“ Have received permission to pay your addresses ? ” said I. “ No, not quite so blessed as that ; but my attentions have not been treated with indifference, nor my respectful hints of admiration with scorn.” “ That is,” replied I, “ she has not been rude, nor wholly free from a little coquetry ? ” “ Faith,” said he, “ there is nothing of the coquette about her. Mrs. James is a charming old lady ; and, I flatter myself would be no *inexorable* enemy to my suit, if I dared openly prefer it. I saw Kathleen’s father and mother.” “ Well,” says I, “ and what did you make of the father and mother ? ” “ Nothing,” said he. “ Tell me,” said I, “ have you offered her the jewels you bought for her ? ” “ Yes, I was daring enough.” “ Were they accepted ? ” “ No ; but the refusal was conveyed so sweetly that another such defeat would

make me hug my multiplied chains as honourable trophies." "Bravo," said I, "but—are you aware of no rival?" "You speak so seriously," said he, "I suspect you know more than you choose to communicate—are you aware of any?" "A man, (said I,) of very large fortune, interests himself very seriously and sedulously about her; and has even talked to O'Rourke on the subject." His countenance fell; and I observed nothing like *trophies of triumph*. "You thrill me," said he, "and that information is the key to a mysterious hint Mrs. James dropped, which I could not understand, nor would she explain." "Did Mrs. James give you encouragement?" said I. "Why, I can't say she either did or did not; she permitted attentions which, had she been averse to them, I think she would have forbidden." "Be assured, (said I,) Kathleen's fate does not depend upon her." "You mean, then, it depends upon O'Rourke? where

does he live? I will take no further step without his knowledge; for, peculiarly as Kathleen is situated, love and honour will not justify any step taken by me in contravention of her best interests; and I would sooner risk being refused by her guardian to try my fortune with her, and give it up as a forlorn hope, than, had I power, steal her affections at the risk of her happiness; love and war should always have magnanimity for their basis." "You deserve her, Artherton," said I, and sighed, unconsciously—the conversation began to be painful—isn't it odd?—no—I thought of Violetta; I gave him O'Rourke's address; he said he would see him in a few days, and we parted—neither of us much elated.

"In London," said I, "wonders are as common as variety; and every body knows that is the staple commodity of this mart of fashion." That evening O'Rourke called on me, and

said, "as Tunzey and his wife were gone upon an excursion from town, and I was a bachelor, and ought to "hang out the broom," he would stay the evening with me: and we'd have a *heart-warming* of it." I was pleased with his proposal, for I was dull enough; (*perhaps, you may think me not much better now.*) We talked first about indifferent, and then serious, subjects; and *one* which he introduced more than amazed me. "Marmaduke," said he, "you're a good lad, saving your manhood, by way of apology: you are a bit of a favourite of mine, as you know; for we seem bottles of the same bin; saving that I'm of the *oulder* vintage. Kathleen, the dear! is my own heart's delight, and you'll stare when I tell you she's not Terence's daughter—isn't it odd? as you say sometimes." "Mrs. O'Rourke," said I, looking banteringly in his face, "would be proud to countenance *any relation* of yours." "Fait no,"

said he, "the relationship's no cater cousin that way, I assure you ; nor is my little Katty the apology for an Irish blunder : though her father himself was a verse out of the chapter of accidents ; by reason of my kind ould Thady O'Shaughnessy went after forbidden fruit ; and left his spalpeen as much as he left me. The child's name was Thady, after his father ; and, while I was upon my travels, I'm told he married as pretty an Irish girl as any part of the United Kingdom ever gave birth to ; and *Kathleen's* the comment on her. Poverty has been the portion of all the posterity ; a warning to all thoughtless fathers, natural or unnatural, how they play at ducks and drakes with their progeny, like frogs and other freshwater fish, as Terence said. Terence and his wife found Kathleen an orphan, and poor as they were, as she had the *blood of the O'More's* in her, determined, as Terence said, to *halve* their mite between the three ; and this, prin-

cipally, it was which made me cry "halves!" among them, and pop my mite into the bargain. Seriously, I love Kathleen as if she were my own child; not only from gratitude to Thady, but admiration of herself, for trying so much to praise the father of us all in the *best* way—making herself an ornament of human nature. I am rich and will provide handsomely for her, as I am not likely to increase the family tree of the O'Rourke's, wherever it grew. I am getting on the wrong side of growing younger, and when I leave her, I may leave her all alone—like a beautiful cloud in a wide sky, to be dispersed by the winds of unkindness, or be absorbed by the black clouds of calamity, that shall deluge her beautiful aspect with tears,"—and he looked agitated.

"Marry her out of the way at once then," said I, "and then your fears will be over; Goldworthy, you say, has proposed for her." "Yes," said he, "but he's

not worthy of Kathleen; to be plain, you *have* her friendship; and when one half the heart's gone the other is easily induced to keep it company: Tunzey tells me there are insuperable bars to a *certain* match; if then, honour and inclination will allow you to think of Kathleen; make up to her; get her consent, you have mine; you'll make an old friend happy, and a good girl secure: think of it; it comes warm from my heart, and if it will only warm yours, I'll die in peace. I leave you to think of it; and now, good night; sleep upon it, and dream that I am dancing at your wedding." He was gone before I could answer him, for he did every thing whimsically.

He left me in a distressing state of mind; I loved Violetta, believed that she loved me, but I could not have her. Kathleen had come across me to make me amends, and I had O'Rourke's wishes on my side; yet, could I justify

thinking of her till I was sure either of Violetta's falsehood, or imputed bad character? then, if I were assured of these, I had committed myself to Arther-ton, and honour seemed to present another obstacle—it was worse than the sphinx's riddle—I didn't sleep that night.

My dear young readers, take care how you fall in love; for it generally makes you fall *out* with every thing else—but—Nature *will* prevail, and one thinks it unnatural to resist her—however, if you *will* fall in love, I say, lay in, previously, a large stock of patience; for you'll have occasion enough for it—

“Just like love is yonder rose,”

says Camoens. Tunzey's cook, who was *queer*, (as Sir Lionel said,) inquired, upon hearing the *song*, if a *cabbage* rose was meant; “because that, when full blown, has the *largest heart*; and, it requires heart enough to go through with it,” said she. Now, nobody but a cook could have made such an observa-

tion—yet the latter part of it had truth for its basis; and when you consider the thorns, the mildew, the grub, the blight, and “the fall of the leaf;” the scratching, tearing, piercing, wearing, devouring, withering, drooping, and dying; oh! its a terrible picture!—I could reverse it; but *that* picture was not in accordance with my feelings—don’t fall in love—if you can help it—it’s probable you can’t—then fall as gently as you can. A *cabbage rose*! “O, Cookey, Cookey! thy taste must have been *cabbaged*,” said the tailor’s man, who had called in with Tunzey’s new waistcoat; and, indeed, he was making love, superfine and ell-wide, to cookey—she “nothing loath,” and so she had a double reason for her choice of the filthy epithet—but the *pun*, Mr. *Marmaduke*—

“Be quiet; I know it,”—“*Homer nods*”—take care, don’t wake him.

There’s some modern farce I believe

—"If it be modern," said Fubbs, "it must be a *farce*—the ancients wrote *comedies*." "True, but they were in "*the clouds*," sometimes," said I. In this farce, or *that* farce, rather, the principal character exhibits himself by a peculiar affectation of phraseology, as—"let's do a little hazard,"—"let's do a little walking,"—"let's do a little reading," &c. &c. &c.—So reader, if you've no objection, let's do *a little rhyme*—it's *all about love*—as love is our subject at present, and it was actually Fubb's production—from the *ancients*, with whom he has made as free as any other *modern*; (Fubbs loved farces after all,) he called it a *Translation of the second Idyl of Bion*—he has made *free* enough, in his translation, with the original—fowling pieces, I *believe*, were not invented till a *short* time after *Bion*; of *birdlime* I can say nothing; but Fubbs is not the first who has taken an original idea, and made it a greater *original* still.

Cupid was perch'd on a tree ;
 Lubin was passing along ;
A gun, cruel man ! carried he,
 To stop many a pretty bird's song.
At last, he saw *Love* ; mark'd each glittering wing ;
 " It must be a phoenix," cried he :
Took aim ; when cried *Chloe*, just passing, " poor thing !
Don't kill it—so pretty a creature must sing ;
 Do catch it, and give it to me."

Lubin, who little birds 'snar'd,
 Climb'd softly ; spread birdlime, he'd brought,
Left baits on each branch thus prepar'd,
 To tempt *Cupid* to " come and be caught !"
But while gazing on *Chloe*, poor *Lubin* ! he fell ;
 " My head was quite giddy," cried he,
But, that *Cupid* had shot him I scarcely need tell ;
Who while flying cried, laughing, to *Chloe*, " farewell ;
 I've caught him, and give him to thee."

" Oh Fubbs !" said I, " what will the critics say to your modernizing an ancient in this manner ?" " Bless you," said he, " they won't know it again."

I wished much to avoid giving O'Rourke an answer to his proposition ; but knowing he would expect a very

decisive one, I went over to consult Welford: I found him pettish—plague take all jealous fools! I say; I asked him if business went cross—"Every thing goes cross in this world," said he—"Isn't it odd?" said I, "let us avoid the cross roads—but I want your advice," and I told him the whole of O'Rourke's communication. He listened with the utmost attention, particularly while I related for the *first time*, the *birth, parentage, education and residence* of *Kathleen*. "O! Marmaduke," said he, "you have made me the happiest of men." "What?" said I, "has my telling you how miserable I am, made you the happiest of men?" He coloured, and said, "O, no—but I have betrayed myself, and the truth must out." He then gave me the whole detail of the *jealousy*, which I have already related, and told me more—"I lulled my suspicions," said he, "and began to be tolerably composed; and I am sure Ca-

roline could suspect nothing of the real cause of my perturbation, from my manner." "Don't be too sure of that," said I, "women have not such bright and piercing eyes given them merely for us to write sonnets upon. "I hope she did not; nor does yet," said he, "but to proceed.—I had just obtained repose, when unfortunately, Mrs. Tunzey the other day, said there was something about the boy's nose like *Gold-worthy*." "And that was a *nosegay* for you, with a sprig of rue in it?" said I. "Don't banter me, (he,) you know how I idolize her." "Ay, there it is—idolizing is a very heathenish custom; and though it became Fubbs's ancients, doesn't sit well upon my father's moderns—you fancied your idol a goddess, and, found her a woman." "What do you mean," said he, "by a *woman*?"—"Something very angelic," said I.—"Plague take you," said he.—"Thank 'ye," said I.—"I thought," said he, "it was like an insi-

uation that—" O, fie!" said I, " that I meant what, you don't deserve Caroline, if you think her guilty of—levity." " Pity me," said he.—" I do, *very* much, I assure you," said I, " but if I were you, I should prefer respect to pity." " I am ashamed of myself," said he, " but your account of Kathleen and Goldworthy has opened my eyes." " Till you wink again," said I, " or Goldworthy pops in his *nose*: and now, my dear Welford, let this be the last conversation we have on the subject—I am sorry to say, that *I* am not the *only* person who suspected a little of this—O'Rourke hinted as much to me, and said he *expected his pains to have been better repaid*.—Don't speak—(he was attempting,) be yourself: remember Caroline thought you incapable of falsehood, from the trust she reposed in you: do *her* justice then—for none are magnanimous enough to put implicit confidence in others, who are not deserving it

themselves — whatever may be said about credulity, it is guilt only which suspects; while innocence is easily imposed upon."

One of his clerks brought him in a letter, which he said required an immediate answer; he broke the seal, hastily glanced his eye over it, motioned the clerk to withdraw, and gave it to me—and—thunderstruck I was—it ran thus—

"SIR,—An old neighbour of your father's wishes to see you immediately, to consult with you on an unpleasant affair; and who sends to you, not only from hearing of your professional integrity, but also thinking that you will feel more than professional concern for, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

V. VALENTINE.

late of ———

—*Lock-up-house, Carey-street,*

R. WELFORD, Esq."

Wasn't it odd?

“Violetta’s father in prison? I’ll go with you,” said I. “Better not, (*he,*) clients are shy before strangers, I shall obtain more intelligence from him if I go by myself. I’ll soon return—go, and amuse Caroline till I come back.”

“But,” said I, stroking my nose, “noses are dangerous.” “No more of that, if thou lovest me, Hal,” said he, and departed.

“My dear Mrs. Welford,” said I, “your boy grows the delight of every body.” “Don’t you think he’s very much like his father, Sir;” said she. Now this question conveyed to me a double meaning—first, an affectionate compliment to his father; and secondly—as if she knew Welford was jealous—a sort of expectancy that my affirmative seconding her known consciousness of innocence, would also relieve her mind from the apprehension that any difference in the child’s features from the father’s could afford him any foundation for suspicion. “As like him

as he can stare," said I; I was determined to give it as broadly as I could. "Every body says so," said she; and in a tone that my conceit, (grown *wise* by jealousy's teaching,) converted into something like triumph; I had an opportunity of observing also, her delicate attention to her husband; and, wherever is *delicate attention*, there is love; and, no where else. *Passion* is—any where. "I think," said I, "Bob has appeared low-spirited lately." "O, dear, no;" said she, "he has so much upon his brain, I wonder it isn't turned sometimes; but he has always a smile, and an animated countenance for his wife; and it is the wife, you know, who is the best judge of a husband's spirits and mind." "True," said I, turning it off indifferently.

"In London," (said I, "in my description,")—and in a great many other places; men and their wives are very

anxious every body should know each other's faults—as a set-off, I presume, against their own.”

CHAP. XIII.



WELFORD returned—"Well? well?" eagerly said I, "where's Violetta?" "I can't tell you," said he: all I can tell you is, that Valentine is irrevocably ruined, Sir Lionel has left the kingdom, Violetta was carried off from her father by stratagem, and he's as ignorant where she is—whether with Sir Lionel or not—as you are." "By stratagem? they're not *married*, then?" "No; but—" "But what? don't tantalize me:" "her father is afraid——" "For heaven's sake, go no farther," said I; "is he *sure*?" "No: but Marmaduke, you ought not to think of her

more: and I *now* would recommend you to agree with O'Rourke's proposition, and obtain a wife worthy of your hand, and *capable* of deserving your heart"—"I'll think—I'll think," said I—"I must leave you now:" and I was soon on my way to *Carey-street*. I arrived at the Lock-up House, and desired that Valentine might be told, a gentleman wished to speak with him upon particular business. I was shewn into a private room, and Valentine soon entered, exhibiting a trifling state of trepidation when he saw me: and I felt——tenderly affected——isn't it odd?—No—he was Violetta's father, and—in prison.

"Well, sir," said he, "your business with me?" "To do you all the service I can, Mr. Valentine."

"Which is the severest reproach you can make me," said he: "for I know I deserve no kindness at your hands. I don't know any thing, possible to pro-

cure, that will serve me: I've lost all, through that infernal scoundrel, Lovel; and am dipped for at least 20,000 more: but that's not the worst—my girl! my girl!—may that scoundrel—” I stopped his mouth: “Maledictions upon our worst enemies,” said I, “are forbidden, and the reverse commanded.” “It may be so, sir,” said he, “but put yourself in my place”—“I might utter the same,” said I, “’tis trial only tells us what we are: and for that reason we are commanded to pardon.” “Well, well,” said he, “I won’t argue with you about that; you know better about these things than I do; the more’s my shame—but my girl, my girl, Marmaduke; she was my heart’s delight; and that I have done I did to make her a lady: O, sir, she loved you, and only you: *I* made her do every thing she did: I was blind, I was mad; and she loved her father too well to cross him. But, O, sir, you don’t know the

snare that scoundrel wound round me ; I was so much in his power I could n't get away : I was proud, *you* know that ; and he made me add hard-heartedness to pride."

Poor Valentine little thought they were *naturally* identified—one and indivisible.

"Where is Violetta, sir?" said I. "Heaven knows," said he: "perhaps with the villain abroad; for I am afraid, by giving her a sleepy drug, he destroyed and obliged her to go with him." I tried, for his sake, to suppress my feelings. O, reader, they were pitiable indeed!—you cannot think that odd. I felt I *did* love Violetta. "Excuse me," said I, "but how could you be so imprudent as to take her from your house, with only yourself and Sir Lionel? could you not see the probability of some disastrous consequence, besides the certainty of her loss of character, if they were not married?"

“ I saw nothing ; nothing, sir, but ruin before me : and to save my own character I murdered my child's. When you are a father, sir, remember me : ” and he looked agonized.

“ A long time has elapsed, sir,” said I ; “ was she living in his house all the time, as was reported ? ”

“ Never lived in his house, sir ; never was in his house,” said he. “ I engaged a small house for myself, and a staid woman to keep it ; I wouldn't have my sister with me ; for I was ashamed of myself, and I did not choose that they who were better should see me. Violetta was never in his company not once, without me. I suspected his motives long, and called upon him to fulfil his promise and marry her : he put me off from time to time ; and I would have torn the girl from him, but I knew nobody would have her, with a character blemished as her's was ; and I temporized the more, because

I was fearful he would go abroad, and leave me to the mercy of his creditors, as well as my own: and she—that lamb! was the only thing that kept him.”

“But,” said I, “if he had married her, he could have gone abroad and left you equally exposed.” “No,” replied he, “his estates in that case were to be made over to me, and I was to allow him a handsome annuity; and with that security I could have weathered the storm and recovered myself. Well, sir, not to make a long story of a very miserable one; months passed—poor Violetta, ready and willing to sacrifice herself to save me; and I, villain—demon enough to let her; he, trying to get her into his power, and I preventing him; when one day, he brought me a license to be married to her a few days afterwards; and he proposed we should all dine together at my house, which we did on the next

day to that on which he made the proposal ; his favourite servant waited, and certainly put something into the wine, for I was quickly overcome ; I, who never flinched at my bottle in my life—I can tell you no more—I waked from a sleep I fell into upon my chair—found myself alone—he was gone ; my child gone ; the housekeeper gone ; my maid-servant gone—*all* gone ! I thought it a dream. I went, as well as I could, for I was fearfully ill, to his house, which was not far from mine ; he was not there ; nor had either he or his man been there—I fell down in a fit—they bled me—I recovered, and was carried home : a neighbour came in to my assistance ; my housekeeper was found locked up in the cellar, where she said she went by the desire of the she devil that was our servant, to shew her where to get some liquor, she pretended she couldn't find, and was locked in by the wretch ; who no doubt went off with that fiend."

“What steps did you take?” said I.

“I was confined to my bed three days,” said he, “delirious, before I had reason enough to direct any one what to do. I then learned Lovel’s house was shut up: I engaged somebody to inquire at the nearest sea-port; and found my suspicions true, that the villain had gone off for the continent, and I supposed Violetta was with him. The moment I could, I took a passage to Boulogne; for I understood the vessel was bound there; and when I arrived could hear no tidings of any such persons as I described: when, after travelling about near a month, making every inquiry, one day I was surprised by receiving a letter from London, in a hand-writing I did not know, informing me that my daughter was with Sir Lionel, at Brighton. I came off instantly, was arrested the very hour I came on shore, and here I am.”

“Did any body know from yourself where to write to you in France?”

“Not a soul: I wanted nobody to know; for I feared the consequences. I suppose that wretch found out where I was, and contrived the trick to have me hampered: but I thought only of Violetta—O, my child! my child!” he was so overcome he could go no farther.

The debt he was arrested for, was £5,000, on a joint bond given by him and Sir Lionel; and he expected, being in custody, further impediments to his liberty. Welford immediately moved him into the rules of the King's Bench, as it was impossible to do him any service otherwise; and arranged for him to take advantage of the Insolvent Act.

Violetta's appeared a lost case; and the early scenes of our acquaintance dwelt more strongly upon, and came more frequently in my mind than ever.

O'Rourke now plainly asked me for a decisive answer, in his usual serio-comic way.—I paused—*isn't it odd?*—you shall have the reason.

Artherton, who had seen O'Rourke, had called on me, and told me the result of his interview was, that, O'Rourke told him he believed Kathleen was engaged; that, in any case, in the article of marriage he should only advise her, leaving her to follow her own inclination; which was all he could or ought to say on the subject; and Artherton asked me, how I thought he should act.

Mine was a most perplexing situation; but "*honour*" was always the motto of the Merrywhistles; it was my duty to fulfil its dictates; and I hope I have never swerved from them.

"In London," said I, &c., "every man is *expected* to be a man of honour; and above all, to *honour* his bills: to *honour* his king is sometimes left out of

the catalogue: but as every body in London knows what *London* honour is, I need not inform any body: and as for the country folks, the less they know about London honour the better—*perhaps.*”

Whether I was justified in advising Artherton to persevere, knowing so much as I did of O'Rourke's mind, I could not decide: and whether I was justified in recommending his abandonment of the suit in my own favour, glancing my eye over my family motto—*“you could not decide either?”* not *exactly.*

What a troublesome thing honour is! “Take this bit out of my mouth,” said the horse to his rider; “I want it all my own way.”

“Artherton,” said I, “it is so delicate a thing, I scarcely know what to advise.” (I would have told him all, but I was not authorized to betray O'Rourke's secret.) “You are not forbidden, if you are not encouraged.”

“And, therefore,” replied he, “you would have me try my fortune with Kathleen? and as you know O’Rourke better than I do, I shall trust to your decision.” Isn’t it odd? what had I decided? nothing: he interrupted me in an equivocal speech, of which neither he, nor I, could anticipate the finish. I certainly did know O’Rourke’s mind better than he; but, as he had taken the words out of my mouth, and decided for himself, I had nothing farther to do with it—Artherton was off; and O’Rourke was expecting my answer; and, so miserable was I, nothing could have pleased me better than being able to play some master-piece of hoaxing upon Fubbs—isn’t it odd? While I was sitting in this humour, the servant told me a gentleman waited to see me, in the front parlour, and I immediately attended him: he bowed very politely, and said, (after the usual salutations,) “If it be not taking a

liberty, sir, pray who was your last master?" I thought this a very odd question; however, as I always fall into people's humours, I replied, "Why, sir, the gentleman I was engaged with was Mr. Tunzey." "Tunzey, Tunzey?" said he, "I don't recollect any one of that name." "That's odd," said I; "why, he has been celebrated in the profession many years; and I am now partner with him." "Then it's certainly high time, sir," said he, "you were properly instructed; I wonder indeed Mr. Tunzey himself hadn't done it, as you say he ranks so high in the art; however, we'll soon put you on your feet." The man's mad, (thought I.) "Why," said I, "I think I am pretty well upon them already." "A little too much turn in of the left toe," said he; "Pray does Mr. Tunzey waltz much?" "Did you ever hear of a waltzing waggon?" said I; why he's as big as you and I, and two more such put together." "Bless

me," said he, " I do remember having seen a gentleman such as you describe pointed out to me one day ; I didn't understand his name ; he looked very little like cutting six : you cut six probably." " Not I, sir," said I. " What do you think of that?" said he, (cutting a dozen I should think) ; I'll soon bring you to that." " And pray, sir," said I, " who brought you to *this*?" " O, sir, the celebrated Monsieur Coupée." " And for what purpose?" " For the purpose which brought me here, sir," said he, with an affable grin ; " and now do me the favour to take your position." (We were both standing.) " I have taken my position already you see, sir," said I. " An excessively awkward one indeed, sir ; I'm sorry Mr. Tunzey has taught you no better : please to imitate me : " and putting himself in a dancing attitude, and pulling out a kit, while I stood staring, he began tuning away, to my utter astonishment—for I dis-

covered that instead of being a madman he was only a motion master. "Sir," says I, "you've *figured* in at the wrong place." "Impossible, sir," said he; "your name's Merrywhistle, I believe?" "Yes, sir; and pray may I be favoured with your's?" "Chassé, sir, well known in town; I advertise to finish young gentlemen, and here (exhibiting a letter, signed Merrywhistle) is an answer to my advertisement, desiring me to call *here* on *you*, for the purpose of ——." "Having your trouble for your pains, sir; you've been imposed upon—that is not my writing: and the only *finish* I wish at present is a finish to our tête-à-tête." The man looked very angry; and my strong inclination to laugh prevented me being so; however I bowed him out of the scrape, and got rid of him, to be told another gentleman wanted me in the back parlour. I walked in; he bowed, and spoke very formally. "You are

Mis-ter Mer-ry-whis-tle, I presume?"

"I am, sir." He surveyed my face very attentively, desired me to be seated, and seated himself by me.

"Pray, sir, allow me to ask your errand here?" "O, we shall soon understand

each other," said he. "I confess, I'm rather in the dark at present,"

said I. "Ah! poor gentleman," said he;

"allow me to feel your pulse." "I think,"

said I, "you are feeling it pretty well already; but it's rather irregular at pre-

sent; and I am subject to paroxysms that—" "I shall be able to compose in

a short time; don't let them give you the least uneasiness; and excuse me, as

you have mentioned it, were you ever confined?" "No, doctor," said I; "but

my mother was." "Ah!" said he, "it runs in the blood of the family: have

you been bled at all?" "No," said I,

"nor do I mean to let you *bleed* me, doctor; and, now, let me ask if *you* an't

a little *deranged*, since you fancy I am?"

“ Ay, a sure symptom,” said he, in an under voice, turning to one of the clerks who came in: “ people in this poor gentleman’s situation think others in the same state as themselves ; pray what advice has he had ? ” “ The same which I shall give you,” said I ; “ whenever you are in the wrong box get out of it as soon as you can: there’s the door, and there’s the window, you can make your election, before my paroxysm comes on.” He made a motion to the clerk to assist him in seizing me, and whipping a straight-waistcoat out from behind his coat, he was going to lay hold of me ; when, in concert with the clerk, to whom I had given a signal, we put it on the doctor, in spite of his bawling, and fairly turned him out through a back door into a field adjoining the garden ; then, fastening the door, left him to act as he pleased ; and when I walked into the other parlour, I saw an elderly lady, much muffled up, waiting for me.

I was to be hoaxed no longer; begged her excuse a moment, and went into the back office, where I had a large electrical machine, which I charged to its height, and stationed a man at it, with directions to discharge it when I gently rang a bell that was in the office, the wire of which went into the parlour where *my lady* was, or rather my *gentleman*: for my clerk had found reason to suspect it was Fubbs when he let him in, and communicated his suspicions when we let out the doctor. In the mean time a man had been stationed at the door, who sent away a dozen applicants, who had been hoaxed as well as myself. I protruded the end of the chain from the machine through a small hole at the bottom of the wainscoat (which had been damaged) into the parlour; then went in to the room to finish my plot; and, as Fubbs sat near the wainscoat by a side window, which was open, (and looked into a bye street,)

I sat between him and the wall, and securing the chain in my hand, I conveyed it behind me towards him ; and, as there was a hook at the end of it, I adroitly managed to fix it *during our conversation* into a part of his dress nearest in contact with his skin ; and I was too well versed in tricks to bungle. I thought Fubbs, by the bye, an egregious blockhead for interfering *personally* with his hoax ; unless he had come *before* the rest ; but I understood, afterwards, that he had been waiting some time : the clerk had been talking with him in the office to discover the drift of his disguise ; he knew it was some trick—for he knew we were each other's torment ; and, therefore, while he was talking with Fubbs, I had seen the other two ; and Fubbs was shewn into this *bye* parlour, only just after we had got rid of the doctor. I requested the *old dame's* business, when she began, in a whining tone, a long *rigmarole* of her

being “ a distant relation of my father’s; a widow, who had seen much calamity; had had a profligate son, and an unfortunate daughter; had the rheumatism most dreadfully, could not work for her living, and could not exist under the thoughts of applying to the parish; so, hearing of my *humane disposition*, had taken the liberty to implore my compassion to keep her from starving.” I said, “ My dear madam, your situation certainly *is* peculiar: and if you have any of the Merrywhistle blood in you, far be it from me not to assist in keeping it in *circulation*, by *discharging* a duty you have convinced me is incumbent upon me; in order to dispose of you in some manner worthy of the character in which you appear;” and pulling out my purse, I emptied the contents of it into my hand, and she was holding out her’s to receive them, when I secretly touched the bell, (rising, and she rising too, from *respect*)—when the machine was dis-

charged, with such a shock, that, between surprise and trepidation, Fubbs made but one jump through the window into the street, broke the chain, and was getting off; when some boys, who witnessed his agility, shouted “ a mad woman ! a mad woman ! ” but he, having recovered sufficiently to run, made off as fast as he could, followed by the boys, and my clerk, (for fear of accidents ;) who got him safe into a shop, when he disrobed, and returned ; acknowledging he was fairly *had*—and we dined merrily together. The doctor brought an action, which I compromised—but I had had my *fun* for my *money*.

CHAP. XIV.

To return to an old subject; my mind became severely tantalized concerning O'Rourke's requisition, and I began to think myself a little fastidious—is'nt it odd? "In London," (said I, in my description) "they call all reasoning fastidiousness which interferes with people's doing their duty in a way according with their own particular inclination—that is, in the way which produces the least possible self-denial, and the most pleasure, or the most profit. To tell the plain truth, I was so unresolved, whether to

"Sit like patience on a monument
Smiling at grief:"

That is, a lovelorn wight—to

————— “inward *pine*,
And let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on my *damask* cheek”—

which began to look very much like a *damask* napkin; and die of *Violetta* and *ennui*; leaving a legacy for six old maids, to bear up my pall, and strew my grave with *bachelors' buttons*—or to

————— “Couple me with kind,
Blending both love and marriage,
————— two reverend cardinal virtues:”

To realize the beautiful picture of the vine and the olive-plants:

“Bear my blushing honours thick about me”

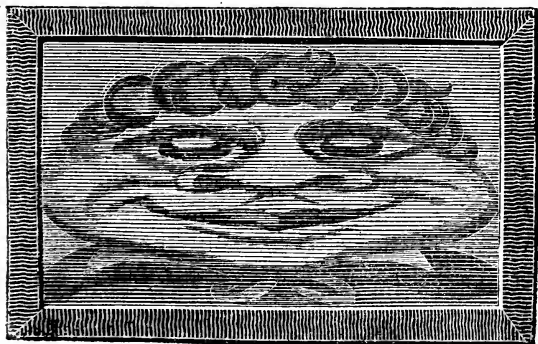
with Kathleen: and live “an honoured sire.”

Why? why had I ever seen either *Violetta* or Kathleen? I *had* seen them, and must make the best of it. “How's this?” said Tunzey one day, “Bob Welford tells me, *under the rose* mind, *ha-ah!*”

that having lost Violetta, you're standing shilly shally, till you'll lose Kathleen too—and you may have her for asking for—ha-ah ! am I, in the rectitude of reason, to refuse turbot and lobster-sauce, because I can't get fresh salmon ? which is certainly, in my opinion, the most incomparable fish that ever graced a bill of fare—ha-a-ah !”

I told *him* fairly all I felt. “ You're an honest lad,” said he ; “ but don't reverse the proverb, and *throw away the herring to catch the sprat*. Remember—an old bachelor is like the ruin of an antique arch, an useless object of curiosity : while a married man is like a noble edifice resting on its columnal supporters ; the picture of magnificence, utility, and comfort, united—ha-a-ah !” I thought I could not do better than consult my father—by the bye, I must appear a picture of consummate vanity for representing myself such a *prize* as to be importuned into *submitting* to *accept* a girl a monarch might have been

proud of: but no—it is not so—I was importuned by three *friends* to put in love's lottery, and try my chance for the *capital* prize, before it was snapped up by another; and I hope my readers will do justice to my motives; though my conduct appear sometimes capricious. By-the-bye, I may as well introduce the face of this fastidious lover—this fancied picture of consummate vanity. I drew it from its own reflection in the glass—before which I happened to be sitting; and which species of glass you may purchase at any optician's, which shows your face somehow so—



That's *I*—isn't it odd ?

Nevertheless, I'll disprove Mrs. Crack's assertion before we part. Well, I saw O'Rourke, told him I would consult my father ; and " I hope, my worthy sir," I said, " you impute all this evasion to the right motive." " I do," said he ; " and that very motive makes me more anxious that Kathleen should be yours : go, and come back a good boy ; lest Katty fall into the hands of a bad one for want of a *better*." " I must give way," said I to myself, as I walked to the stage—and really, I began to give way. I entered the inn, and found I was an hour too soon ; so amused myself with the papers, and read the following paragraph : " We understand that the dashing Sir Lionel Lovel, who ran off to France with the daughter of a country gentleman, after ruining her father, fell in a duel near Paris ; and that the young lady retired with a broken heart into a convent." It is

scarcely necessary to go to my father, thought I, shocked as I was by this intelligence; but—as I had not seen him so long, and as Artherton, in case I did consent to address Kathleen, would, *probably*, have to reflect upon my honour—my father's advice was too valuable to slight: my place was taken; and, therefore, when the coach was ready I stepped in, and threw myself in a corner—not speaking a single word to any of the passengers: at length, while I was walking up a hill, as is customary with coach passengers, (as I walked up the hill when the lovely Kathleen's life was endangered,) and it seemed as if walking up hills was always to be dangerous to me; for, I being much a-head of the coach, a footpad sprung out of a hedge upon me, presented a pistol, and demanded my money. I sprung within his pistol arm, and threw him; when, as he lay, he pointed the pistol at me,

and had certainly fired, nor could I have escaped, had not a sailor (who was an outside passenger) followed me by chance, or rather providentially, and at the instant with his stick struck the pistol from the robber's hand, which went off on the ground. The robber, however, had the address to escape, through his agility, springing up and through the hedge, during the moment of my consternation; and when the coach came up, we thought it useless to pursue him. It is hardly necessary to mention how heartily I expressed my gratitude to the sailor; to whom I gave my purse, containing about ten guineas, which he received without any further notice than hoarsely saying "*thank ye*," and then mounted the stage again, whistling, while I got inside.

Sailors certainly appear a distinct species of the human race: they are so disciplined to professional duties,

that when they perform a duty of humanity; they do it as coolly as they do any thing else, which “comes in course.”

In the morning, when we halted to breakfast, as I understood the coach would be detained at least an hour, to repair a spring, or something of that nature, I rambled about; and in my walks saw a gipsy-girl, who asked me if I would have my fortune told. Now, my young and romantic readers will expect me to describe an interesting figure; and to *figure* away with her eyes of jet; her glossy raven locks; her brown beauties shining forth, like—a walnut-tree chest of drawers well rubbed and polished; her form, unconfined by the restraints of fashionable *cincture*, exhibiting the true composition of nature; and not, as an artist would say, *out of drawing*, through false proportion; the waist being either too long, or too short: but—no—I must describe her as I found her—with a large dirty red

cloak on; her locks very long and matted; her face like mahogany; and—a beautiful squint.

“Shall I tell your fortune, young man?” said she. “*You* tell my fortune?” said I, sarcastically. “*Yes*,” said she. “Nonsense,” said I; but as I love nonsense sometimes, I had a mind to hear what she’d say, and so presented my hand. She surveyed it very attentively; and then said, “You’re in love.” There was no *con-juration* in the remark, for *young* men and women generally are: “you must take care, for there’s something extraordinary working in the stars.” “What do you know about the stars?” said I. “The morning star is not set, and the evening star must not rise.” said she. “I don’t understand your jargon,” said I. “If you have any gift of *first love*,” said she, “take care of it; the rest is all inconstancy and trouble—beware of imposition, for a hasty step will bring

you more trouble than you 'll easily get rid of:" and, courtseying, she held out her hand—"Now cross my hand, sir, and a pleasant journey to you." I stared at her; for there was something in what she had said that I could easily have interpreted into having something like a rational affinity to my *love troubles*; but I could not be guilty of such a weakness; and I always made a point of opposing any thing like *nursery superstitions*—I crossed her hand which was very dirty, and walked on. When I returned to the inn, feeling in my pocket for my note case to change one, to settle my breakfast reckoning, I discovered my *purse*, which I thought I had given to the sailor; and then only, discovered that I had given him by mistake one which I always wore about me, and which was no other than the purse which Violetta gave me, containing the seal and locket; my confusion when I gave it preventing

my discovering that it did not *weigh* like a purse with ten guineas in it. I immediately made an inquiry for the sailor; but he had paid his fare and crossed the country, at the baiting place where we stopped previously to our reaching the inn. At this moment, the gipsey's warning, not to part with a gift of first love, coming across my mind, actually vexed me; and I began to think that the morning star meant Violetta, and the evening star Kathleen: wasn't it odd? When we entered the stage, I made the prognostications of gipsies the subject of conversation: one believed in them, and another did not—An old gentleman said, “Weakness and credulity in such cases—make applications in favour of their own theories and there is no ambiguous expression which cannot be interpreted so as to agree with any circumstance which may occur after it is made.” I told him, laughing, I had

had my fortune told that morning by a gipsey ; and that she warned me not to do the very thing I had done in the night ; explaining the mistake I had made with the sailor ; and observing that the purse I gave him was the gift of a young girl, between whom and myself existed a very early attachment, which was broken off, as many early attachments are. "And you are weak enough," said he, "to apply it ; without considering that such are the usual warnings of these impostors ; and that accidental coincidences, the most vague things to be depended upon under heaven, make some of them appear ulteriorly in point : the only remarkable thing is, that the sailor did not discover the mistake ; but I suppose you never told him what the purse contained ; so he took the gift without examining it ; and when he did examine it, considered that it was all the reward you meant him, and sold it in the next town, at the first shop

where they purchased such things. We live, sir," continued he, "not in a world of chance, but of providential contrivance: and, as He who made it has not thought fit to impart future events to the wise and upright, we cannot detract more from his greatness than to suppose, for a moment, he would grant the power of prognostication to ignorance and imposture—but really, such nonsense is not worth talking about." I could not but agree with him, yet I felt uneasy: the *morning star* rose in my mind, and the *evening star* would not *set* there—then I had parted with a *gift of first love*—but, "nonsense," thought I, "it's not worth thinking about:" and so—I thought of it all the way to—my father's; where a most affectionate greeting put it quite out of my mind—for that time. My father and mother were both well and happy; and as the health and happiness of his or her parents, is, or ought to be,

one of the first considerations with a child, I impart this circumstance first; for somehow we all imagine that that which is an object of importance to us is the same to everybody else; and are much astonished if it prove not so.

The next morning I unburthened my mind to my father, and related, in course, all I was possessed of relative to *all* the parties concerned. He expressed very sincere concern for the Valentines, and told me he thought it would be madness to negative O'Rourke's proposition, *if*——I liked the young lady——it would be downright romance, he said, to think Violetta any obstacle from which honour might recoil. This relieved my mind; I took a stroll into the fields; and, as it were, instinctively, wandered towards the primrose bed; where, to my extreme astonishment, I saw not one, but several, *violets and primroses entwined in pairs*, and scattered about—wasn't it odd? and the gipsy's

warning came across my mind with double force—"Pooh!" said I, "my father has done this, (for he had been early walking,) thinking I might visit this spot; and he has a mind to tantalize me a little, to try the strength of my mind, and the dependance to be placed on my resolutions; and, at dinner, during which I was very thoughtful, he made several sarcastic remarks about primroses and violets; and once, straying from a totally different subject he remarked upon the delusive nature of coincidences; said, that drawing inferences from them was a great error of the *ancients*, but that the *moderns* were too enlightened to indulge much in silly prejudices; a decisive proof of their superiority." I was very anxious to find out where he had been that morning; but whether by accident, or design, he always evaded the subject. "It *was* he," thought I; and I laughed at my weakness; which I kept to

myself, that my father might not triumph; and went to the bank again in the evening. I sat down and unintentionally fixed my eyes on the evening star, which sparkled most resplendently: I involuntarily sighed—and pronounced emphatically, “*Kathleen!*” and instantly I heard, or I was dreaming, a deep sigh behind me: I started up—examined every bush around, but saw no human being—it was fancy—or “the whisp’ring of the sportive breeze:” however, it agitated me extremely; and I sighed, and said, “O, Kathleen,” over and over again, on purpose; but heard no repetition of the sigh; and went home the complete victim of imagination—isn’t it odd?

In the morning I went to old Welford’s, and he asked me to go with him to look at a cottage he had been bargaining for with a neighbour: on the road we talked over poor Valentine’s misfortunes and delusions. “Ah,” said

he, "Mr. Marmaduke, it were a sad thing that dear, sweet, girl were so sacrificed; I once thought you and she would have made a *pratty* couple; we *oftens* used to joke about the *primrose* and *violet*; you know we all *knowed* about it—I declare *there* do lie (pointing with his stick where lay a primrose and a violet, I had thrown there the evening before,) a primrose and a violet—wide apart, and, *rot un!* there be a tuoad between un; get out o' t' way, thou *warmint* (*knocking it aside with his stick, and picking up the violet,*) ay, thou 'rt withered, sure enough—but I'll put thee in my coat in memory o' poor Letty." And he did. There was something so kind, so benevolent, so friendly, in this, that it brought tears into my eyes: it was one of those touches of nature which prove to us what an awful ruin a *corrupted* heart is; and Sterne's observation about materialists

and the soul flashed in full force upon my mind.

I felt all my love for Violetta return—return? it had never left me: but——“come, Mr. Welford,” said I, “this spot makes me sad;” and we passed on to the cottage. Thus was my mind tantalized between tranquillity and perturbation—but sorrow succeeds joy, as naturally as winter follows summer; while hope, like the robin, sings at the door.

Keen the winds blow,
Sparkles the snow,
From the eaves the ice drops grow;
The spray is leafless, no linnet singing;
To the warm thatch no swallow is clinging;
Robin alone,
At the door stone,
Charms us till the streamlets flow.

Winds cannot blight,
Frost cannot bite,
As sensitive fondness do scorn and slight:

The trees, all-wither'd, are not so shaken
As the mind wrung, or the heart forsaken !

Robin with song
Trolls winter along ;
But winter'd heart no songs delight.

Tho' dead the stem seem,
The sap (its life's beam)
Within—like hope in the pris'ner's dream—
Will soon bring budding of leaf and flower ;
The grasshopper'll sing in his silken bower ;
Robin will roam,
'The swallow come home,
And the light fly play on the rippling stream.

Thaw'd, like the snow,
Sorrow shall go,
And joy, like the wandering streamlet flow ;
The eye shall sparkle, the heart joy bound it—
Like the 'dew'd blossom and bees around it—
Robin away,
Vocal, the spray
Shall a requiem pour to the tear of woe.

CHAP. XV.



SUCH were the trifling stanzas I tagged together in an hour when distressed by Violetta's scorn, as I thought it, in the season of *sensitive* softness—yet Hope, like Robin, sung: but, also like Robin, soon departed.

While we were examining the cottage, by permission of the tenant, my ears were arrested by the sound of an instrument like a flageolet, playing the tune of the last dance Violetta and I danced together—at the conclusion of which dance she gave me such artless testimony that her feelings were in unison with my own—I sprang out of the cottage, the

player ceased ; and, though I ran to every outlet to see who it was, I saw no one ; the place was very woody, so I presumed, whoever played it had gone among the trees ; and, driven by irresistible impulse, I was quickly among them myself—for the entwined flowers, the sigh and the music, the tune always dear to me, seemed all the operations of the same being ; and some one who knew something of the peculiar state of my mind, and had determined to torment me ; yet I called to my mind the theory of applying coincidences ; was ashamed of my folly ; returned to Mr. Welford, and we went home together. I was uneasy ; there was something to be accounted for in *my* mind, and I could not account for it ; for whose interest could it be to remind me of Violetta ?—wasn't it odd ? I determined to return to London, and put an end to all further uncertainty by addressing Kathleen ; that is, in case Artherton

had not succeeded; and not then, without fairly opening my mind to him—yet, thought I, of what use will that be; he will not give me credit if I do, considering me as an approved rival; and he will most likely consider my candour as hypocritical parade, to cover what he will consider my insincerity; and if I do not tell him, he will consider me through the whole affair as an artful underminer. “The deuce take love,” said I, “and every thing relative to it. Why had I not German nerves and Dutch sensibility; then I should have settled the business long since, with that enviable serenity which, like a breakwater, is not to be moved.” I bade my father and mother, Welford, and the neighbours adieu; and got into the coach as irresolute as I had descended from it, when I arrived at my father’s. At the inn where we stopped to dine, Mrs. James drove up with Kathleen in a post-chaise; and this induced me to

resign my place in the stage and stop with them. It was a long time since I had seen Kathleen, and now her beauties were so completely developed, that, seeing her, made irresolution fly in an instant; and I most heartily reproached myself for ever giving Artherton the least information; regretting, poignantly, the moment in which I became acquainted with him. Our meeting was every thing that was flattering for my wishes, if I made approaches—at least, I thought so—and I also thought that both Kathleen and Mrs. James seemed to give me opportunities to—improve.

They were going about five miles farther, so I *consented*, upon the request of Mrs. James, to dine with and then accompany them to the place whither they were going; and return with them to London, where they intended to pass a week with Mr. and Mrs. O'Rourke.

I actually began to be fascinated with

Kathleen, and to wish I had never known Violetta ; since to have her was impossible ; yet, though I might with propriety have whispered soft things in Kathleen's ears, *before I knew Arther-ton* ; now, whether I acted openly, or covertly, if I did obtain her, he would think me equally disingenuous, if not a complete hypocrite.

Pray, pray, if you *will* fall in love, don't fall deep ; for getting out again is the rub—and, after all, *rubbing out* is out of the question. My readers have, no doubt, seen dinner-ware painted with a different flower on each plate, and its name exhibited on the opposite side : when the dessert was put on the table, and plates were placed before us, Mrs. James said “ these are handsome plates—let me see, (*looking at her own,*) here is a “ Love lies a bleeding,”—and “ *I,*” said Kathleen, “ have got a primrose.” I felt a strange twinge at my heart. “ What have you got, Mr. Merrywhistle?”

said Mrs. James, taking my plate,—“ a violet, I declare.” There’s magic in this,” thought I;—wasn’t it odd?—then I had been paying so much attention to Kathleen that I could not alter my behaviour, notwithstanding all the *twinges* of—was it conscience, honour, guilt, or *innocence in distress*?—I could not tell which. But, my heart was heavy, it appeared as if the *morning star* was not *set*, though the *evening star* was risen.

The ladies were ready to go; we mounted the chaise, and proceeded to the place of our destination. When there, while Mrs. James was in counsel with the mistress of the house, (the master being abroad,) on the purport of her visit; their daughter, Kathleen and I strolled into the garden, and seated ourselves in a natural arbour;—I was complimenting them, when I heard the *same tune*, (apparently on the otherside the garden,) I had heard at the cottage when with old Welford; “ there

is magic, or trick in this," said I ; surely, *Fubbs* has not followed me all the way down, and up, with another hoax ; impossible—yet, he certainly amuses himself sometimes with the flute, this is one of his holiday seasons, and he doesn't mind a little expense for the sake of a good joke. Full of these notions, I left the ladies ; and, in going down a shaded walk in the direction from which the music came (which had ceased,) passing a gate which opened upon a common, I thought I saw something like a coat skirt ; and *did* see a man peeping through the hedge of the garden ; his head (or *hair* rather,) appeared white and bushy, like *Fubbs's* wig ; so I concluded I was quite right in suspecting it was *Fubbs*, peeping to see what effect his playing had on me—it was easy to reconcile to this conception of mine every thing which had occurred from the gipsy, whom he could have instructed, to the plates

at the inn, which he could have arranged equally well. "'Tis *Fubbs* I see," thought I. There stood close by me, one of those small engines with which they water gardens; so, taking off the perforated mouth (or rose) of the spout, that the stream might come out of the tube with more force, and in a greater quantity, I directed the tube towards the place where my gentleman was peeping, played the engine as rapidly as I could; and the deluge he received was not scanty, I assure you. Instantly the muzzle of a gun was pushed through the aperture, and I sprang, nearly backwards, over a small espalier partition, without knowing what was behind it; which I soon discovered to be a pond from which they watered the garden: an athletic man followed the gun through the hedge, which, indignantly, he forced; and, looking over the espalier, set up such a horse-laugh at the situation I was in, that he brought the

ladies to the spot ; who joined in the mirth at my expense. This was the master of the house, who, returning from shooting small birds, an amusement he often took, and hearing *strange* voices in the garden, was peeping through the hedge to reconnoitre the company ; and seeing me *peeping* also, curiosity made him continue there, to observe upon what I was intent ; the moment he received the water, his indignation would not let him take time to go round to the gate. He wore his hair powdered, which made me mistake it for Fubbs's wig. I got out of the pond, mortified enough ; apologized to him for what I had done ; was easily credited in asserting that I, thinking he was some person peeping through impertinent curiosity, could not resist the *impetus* which actuated me. He said, I had been repaid in kind ; and begged I would make use of some of his son's clothes, who was full my size ;

as they could be returned by the stage ; I gladly complied, and was most happy when reseated in the chaise with the ladies. My wet clothes were packed in a wrapper, and intrusted to the care of a companion of the post-boy, who rode behind, and who had accompanied us from the inn. On my way I determined to bribe the maid at the inn, to discover whether it were not Fubbs who had managed the trick of the plates ; but the design was put completely out of my head, by my seeing no other personage than—*Artherton* on horseback—our eyes met, as he was coming towards the chaise—the ladies did not see him ; but, I perceived he saw them ;—he gave me an indignant look, turned down a bye road, and was soon out of sight. I said nothing to the ladies, but to myself, “ O—h ! here’ll be—your card, Sir,”—for, doubtlessly, I appear in *his* eyes as a crafty deranger of his hopes. I recollected no more about the plates ;

we changed horses at the inn, reached London; and I set the ladies down at O'Rourke's, promising to see them again in the course of the day, and drove home.

I sent to Fubbs's house to request he would call on me, as I conceived he would have taken care to be in town before me, and come immediately to prevent suspicion; and I hoped to ease my mind, by surprising him into a confession. The messenger returned, "Mr. Fubbs had gone in the country, and was not expected till that evening." This eased my mind; as I was satisfied in what part of the country he had been. The servant who unpacked my wet clothes brought me *Violetta's* seal, which had dropped out of the package. "Heaven!" said I, "how's this? — O, Fubbs—Fubbs—Fubbs—it's as clear now as noon-day; he was the sailor—the gipsey—the — every impostor."

A letter was delivered to me in the hand of Artherton:

“ Sir,

The situation in which I saw you, when I passed your chaise, must be accounted for to the satisfaction of

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FREDERIC ARTHERTON.”

M. Merrywhistle, Esq.

Before I could resolve what to do, Fubbs, (who had arrived just after my messenger left his house,) entered the room, and upon questioning him I discovered he had really been in a totally different part of the country; wasn't it odd? I related to him all that had occurred on my journey, and shewed him Artherton's letter. He looked grave, and said, “ All the nonsense which occurred on the road may be as easily accounted for, as any of the odd, out-of-the-way,

nothings of wonders, which happen every day. Your mind is in such a bewildered state, you are very likely not to make proper use of your eyes, ears, or any sense you possess; a mind unpleasantly exercised as yours is easily suggests delusions, and then becomes the victim of them; the seal, no doubt, was in your pocket, though you thought it was in the purse; a common country dance, may be played, without magic, all over the kingdom; your father twined the violets; the gipsey might know something about you, as those people travel every where, and pick up every thing; or her nonsense was unpremeditatedly spoken, and you applied it to your own prejudices: plates with flowers are common, and you by chance got a violet—a sensitive plant would have been better—dismiss such trifles, and make up your mind about Artherton's letter: for that is a very serious business, and implicates your honour,

and may endanger your life.—Shall I go to him immediately, and explain?” “I am not,” said I, “justified in disclosing O'Rourke's secret.” — “Well then,” replied he, “we'll get O'Rourke's permission; I'll go and bring him here,” and he left me.

While he is gone I will relate that which I subsequently to this time learned, relative to Artherton's pursuit of Kathleen; as the knowledge of it at this stage, will better elucidate many circumstances and occurrences applicable to our progress.



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